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A HEART CRY.

Little lost darling, come back to me!
Lie in my arms as you used to do!
Here is the place where your head should be;
Here is the bosom waiting for you!

Let me but feel again on my breast
The velvet touch of your tiny hand;
Your rose-leaf lips to my own close pressed:
My cheek by your balmy breathing fan'd.

See here: I shut tight my weary eyes,
As thousands of times I've done in play;
When I unclose them in soft surprise,
Ring out a laugh in your own sweet way!

Come to me, come to me, precious one!
I am so heartsick and sad and lorn;
Naked as nature without the sun,
Now that the light of my life has gone.

You sleep in the churchyard all alone,
No one to watch by your narrow bed;
The wind o'er your tender body blown,
And night-dews dripped on your baby head.

No. In the luminous fields above
Angels another new star have set;
They may surround you with ceaseless love,
Shield you from sorrow and sinning: Yet

Heaven cannot need you so much as I!
Legions of cherubs it had before.
Baby, my baby, why did you die?
Come to your mother, my own, once more!

Little lost darling, come back to me!
Lie in my arms as you used to do.
Here is the place where your head should be:
Here on the bosom waiting for you!

ERCELDEAN,

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &C.

CHAPTER XVII.

His Grace the Duke of Heathland was growing impatient. Never in all his life before had he been so completely thwarted. People thought that he was jealous of the Italian Prince, but it was not so. He relied upon every word spoken by the beautiful girl whom he loved so well; and one evening, when the Prince had been more than usually attentive to her, he said to her—

"Beatrix, you know how I love you—the one dream, the one hope of my life is to call you mine. You have never promised to love me, nor have you told me that such love is impossible."

She bowed her head in silence, inwardly wishing that she could go to some distant land where the tiresome word "love" was never spoken.

"I love you so well," he continued, not seeing the slight shudder the word "love" caused, "that my love has mastered me. Beatrix, to see you happy I would give all that I have in the world. Tell me, do you love the Prince de Ferros? If you do, I will go away—I will trouble you no more—I will sacrifice all thoughts of happiness, or find it in seeing you happy. Do you love the Prince?"

"I do not see that you have the right to ask me such a question," she said. "Oh, if he could but know or even understand," she thought to herself, "how wearisome it is, this continual harping on love, the least interesting subject of all!"

"I have this right, Beatrix," he said slowly—"it is just possible that at some future, perhaps far distant, day you may honor me by bearing my name. Your mother, your uncle, every true friend whom you have in the world wishes it. You are not quite sure about it yourself; you have not made up your mind whether you can love me or not."

Her candid face brightened.

"I am so glad," she told him, "that you seem to understand."

"Yes," he replied, "I understand perfectly. You are too frank, Beatrix, to allow of any misapprehension. I understand only too well. If it were any other woman in the wide world, I might think she was hesitating over my wealth, my title, the settlement I could make upon her. With you there is nothing of the kind; you are no flirt, no coquette; you are a stranger to love. You have not refused me because you are uncertain as to whether you may not in time love me. Your common sense tells you that I am the right man for you to marry. You are waiting to see if your heart and your imagination are one with your common-sense. Is not that it?"

"Yes," she replied, vexed with herself for the blush that turned her face.

"Some people might say that it is hardly fair to me," he continued—"that it is like the boy and the frogs. But I am content, Beatrix. I would wait for years if I thought you would love me in the end. I would rather—and these are no light works, Beatrix—be unhappy waiting for you than blessed by the love of another woman. Love me if you can; if not, let me wait till you can. But, if you prefer the Prince de Ferros, I will make way for him if it be for your happiness."

"I do not prefer him," she said coldly; "I have told him so."

"You acknowledge my right to ask the question then?" interrogated the Duke.

"Yes," she replied slowly; "but indeed I am sorry that you will still persist in your suit. I do not think I shall ever learn to love any one. If you could but understand how tired I am of what the world calls love and all that is associated with it!"

"Shall I tell you, Beatrix, what I prophesy for you?" asked the Duke.

"Every one prophesies the same thing," she said, smiling.

"Not quite. No one has ever laughed at love, Beatrix, on whom love did not sooner or later take a cruel revenge. You laugh at it, you scorn it, you call it a weakness; the day will come when it will master your whole life, bend your proud will, break your spirit, humble your soul—when it will conquer you and bind you in chains that can never be loosened—bind you with a tie that can never be broken—when you will be ready to give up this world, and perhaps even imperil the next, for love."

She drew back with a superb gesture of indignant scorn.

"Never," she cried—"never! I would rather die than be such a slave!"

"We shall see," laughed the Duke. "I only pray that I may be the conqueror—you the conquered."

"I shall never be conquered," said Beatrix Lennox.

And again the Duke laughed as one who knew better.

She liked him—he was a kind, generous man; she admired him perhaps more than she admired any one else; she enjoyed his society, when he did not talk to her of love, better than that of most people. Would this kindly liking that she had for him ever develop into love? It was impossible to say. She did not know herself. If it did so develop, then she would marry him; he was willing to run the risk of waiting. She was slightly startled a few days afterwards by Lady Lennox saying—

"I feel so very sorry for the Duke of Heathland."

Her daughter looked up at her with a smile.

"Sorry for a duke, mamma! Is not that wasted pity? Such persons are rich, and have everthing in the world which their hearts desire—is not pity superfluous?"

"My dear," said Lady Lennox gravely, "you are prejudiced; and I find," continued the gentle lady, in a tone of grave remonstrance, "that you are given to prejudice. I grant as a rule a duke is seldom an object of pity; but, when such a one deserves pity and sympathy, is it fair to withhold it because he is a duke?"

"Perhaps not—no, I am sure not, mamma; you are right, and I am wrong. Now tell me what the Duke of Heathland has done that you are sorry for him."

"He has done nothing, but he looks so unhappy, Beatrix. I watched him last evening while you were talking to Captain Vandermere; he looked so sad—yet he spoke so kindly and so uncomplainingly to me."

"He has nothing to complain of," said Beatrix. "He pleases himself. He knows that I do not love him. He begs to wait until I can love him. I say that will be never, he says it will be soon. What more can I do?"

"Beatrix, my dear, do let me speak to you, and pray do not get angry; I mean so well, Trixie. I have been longing to speak to you for some time. I wish you could make up your mind to marry the Duke; your uncle is so anxious about it. He is really so kind and charming. He takes as much interest as your uncle himself in Erceldean. I believe, rather than lose you, he would change his name to Lennox and live at Erceldean."

"Then I should despise him, mamma. A man should value his name more than his love."

"You do not appreciate such a love as his, Trixie. I hope, my dear, you will not repent this when it is too late. As the Duchess your godmother says, you cannot expect the best and most eligible man in England to dance attendance upon you day after day and year after year."

The beautiful face flushed hotly.

"I expect no one to dance attendance upon me, mamma; and you may be quite sure if the Duke 'dances,' as you call it, it is to please himself."

Lady Lennox went nearer to her daughter and put her arms round her waist.

"My darling," she said, "we seemed nearer together in the old days at Strathnarn. I knew all of your thoughts then."

"So you do now, mamma. I have not a secret from you. The great advantage of Strathnarn was that it was quite free of all this dreadful nonsense about love, and quite free of men."

"Was that really so great a charm, Beatrix?" asked her mother. "Really?"

"Certainly it was. How calmly life went on for us there, mamma! I always thought this world, this outer world of artificiality, would disappoint me, and so it has."

"If you are disappointed in a man like the Duke of Heathland, Beatrix, the rest of mankind will be quite beyond the pale of your affections. The Duke is one of the best and nicest men that I am acquainted with. Do you know, Beatrix," she continued, "there is something about him that reminds me of your father?"

The girl's face brightened with a lovely light.

"Is there, mamma? Then I shall really like him better than ever," she replied.

But Lady Lennox was not quite satisfied.

"Beatrix," she said, "you have always been a good, truthful child—tell me one thing. Have you seen any one you like better than the Duke?"

The sweet sound of sunny laughter reassured her before the answer came.

"I have seen no one whom I like half so well, mamma," she replied; and with that acknowledgment Lady Lennox was content. Those who knew the heiress of Erceldean relied on her word as they would have relied on an oath of another.

A few days after that the Duchess of Elmslie sent to ask if Beatrix would drive out with her; and, having no special engagement, she consented.

"I have a whim this morning, Beatrix," said her godmother, "and with me to have a whim means gratifying it."

"What is the whim?" asked Beatrix.

"I am going to see Mrs. Carew. How well you look in those trailing black laces, Beatrix. They suit you so well. Yes, I am going to see Mrs. Carew."

Beatrix knew the peculiarities of her friend, and waited patiently until she could ask—

"Who is Mrs. Carew?"

The Duchess opened her fine blue eyes.

"Have you not heard of Mrs. Carew?" she said. "It is well that you asked me the question. Not to know Mrs. Carew argues oneself unknown."

"I am quite content to be unknown," laughed Beatrix; "still I must plead guilty to having never heard of Mrs. Carew."

"Then I will tell you about her. To begin with—she is a wonderful woman, a perfect wonder. She must be more than forty, yet she has the look, the manners, and the grace of a girl of twenty. She is witty; and even my husband—whom I really consider most dense, so far as understanding goes—can understand her jests, and laughs at them. She has pretty ways; she is charming in a drawing-room."

"But who is she?" asked Beatrix almost impatiently. "You have not told me who she is."

"Mrs. Carew is an artist," replied her Grace, "but an artist such as the world does not often see. She paints portraits—and such portraits! They are masterpieces of art. She will not paint any one. She selects her subjects, I assure you."

The similarity of the name of this famous artist and of her hero Beltran Carew had not struck Beatrix. She did not think of it.

"As to whom Mrs. Carew is I cannot tell you. Many things in this world have their origin in mystery. Mrs. Carew came to London some twenty-five years ago, and she has conquered her world. It is one of the things every one does, to have a portrait painted by Mrs. Carew. You must have yours painted, Beatrix, as Duchess of Heathland."

She paused before the indignant flash of the dark eyes, while Beatrix sighed for a land in which marriage and given in marriage was never discussed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mrs. Carew was an important unit in London society. She held ground peculiarly her own. As the Duchess had said, her personal appearance was something wonderful. She had the fair unruffled face, the clear serene eyes and calm smile of a young girl. She was so quick, so vivacious, so animated, that it was difficult to imagine forty summers had passed over her head. She had a charm of manner that was irresistible. Every one liked Mrs. Carew. No one was jealous of her. The gentlemen admired her—ladies did the same. It was her talent that made her so popular—the bright eyed, fair-faced lady, who wielded her brush with almost magical skill, was a genius. The wondrous gift given to so few and so often misunderstood, that separated the possessor from the rest of the world, was hers. Mrs. Carew could paint a portrait as no one else could. She seldom attempted landscapes or historical pictures. She contented herself with representing the human face. And she was particular about the faces she did reproduce on canvas. A really dense, stupid face she would have nothing to do with. No money could bribe her to paint such a face.

"It is a mistake of Dame Nature's," she would say, "and no one should attempt to copy a mistake."

While she refused many, she discovered beauties in others. Mrs. Carew could discern in some faces what others never saw. She had been and was so successful that the world was now at her feet, she had conquered it. For her portraits she asked and received "fancy prices;" yet, if any stout alderman with bushy eyebrows and ill-shaped lips had offered her a thousand pounds to paint his portrait, she would have refused. Fortune had lavished golden gifts upon her. She had been able to purchase a *bijou* residence in Mayfair, a little house that was like a school of art, so crowded was it with beautiful things of all kinds—choice china, pictures, marbles, bronzes, everything that decked the tables or the walls was in itself a rarity; it was generally described as the most artistic house in London. People who went to see Mrs. Carew always came away greatly impressed by the beauty and variety of the works of art in her pretty residence.

She was capricious, as is all genius; she would, and she would not; she changed her mind a hundred times each day; she went from grave to gay, from gay to grave. She had all the versatility of genius; she smiled with tears in her eyes, she wept where others laughed. Commonplace, prosaic people could no more understand her than they could read the language of the stars. Some, despite her fame, looked almost askance at her, and thought her slightly "touched;" others, with a grave shake of the head, pronounced her "eccentric." Those who were clever, imaginative, or romantic delighted in her.

Besides the *bijou* house in Mayfair, she had a very beautiful villa at Kew. When she was tired of painting, tired of society, tired of the gay, brilliant world and its ways, she went thither, and spent a few days in seclusion by the riverside. No one knew anything of Mrs. Carew's past history. Her son, Beltran Carew, was one of the most promising young men in a day when many were of promise. He had been educated at Oxford, and had chosen the Bar as his profession.

Mrs. Carew had many admirers, but the only reply she ever made to offers of marriage, to professions of attachment, to vows and promises, was—

"My dear sir, a burnt child dreads the fire."

What mystery of pain and sorrow these words covered no one knew; still every one instinctively trusted in her goodness, her truth and purity.

The Duchess of Elmslie was very desirous of having her portrait painted; but the fastidious high-priestess of her art had looked very doubtful when the subject was mentioned. Her Grace was stout, florid, most unromantically healthy; she had a good face, shrewd, keen, and worldly, but, from an artistic point of view, it was unattractive—so Mrs. Carew looked doubtful. She had not refused, which was something gained, and the Duchess was plying her with civilities. She invited her constantly to Elmslie House, she introduced her to all kinds of notables; but still the bright-eye lady shook her head gravely—she was not to be tempted.

One day however—a red-letter day in the calendar of her Grace of Elmslie—the Duchess was going to a Drawing-room, and Mrs. Carew saw her. Then the artist altered her opinion.

"I always knew," she said, "that your Grace required something; now I see what that something is. When I paint your portrait, it must be in Court costume."

"It is the very thing that I should like above all others, my dear Mrs. Carew," returned the Duchess affusely. "When shall it be?"

"Not at present," was the smiling reply—"I have so many engagements. Your Grace will probably honor me with a call."

And the day had come at last when her Grace decided to call. She wished to take Beatrix with her, because she knew that her face would delight Mrs. Carew so much that it would be sure to put her in a most amiable humor.

"Our fastidious artist will be charmed with you, my dear," she said. "I have never seen any one worship beauty as she does. The very sight of a face like yours will make her good-tempered for a whole day."

"Is she not always good tempered?" asked Beatrix.

"She is like an April sky," replied the Duchess—"just as charming and just as variable."

They drove together to the house in Mayfair, and found Mrs. Carew at home, but engaged. They were shown into a room filled with articles of *virtu*; the ceiling was painted; the hangings were of blue velvet; the light lingered on delicate pieces of statuary, or jewelled tazzas, marble and jasper.

"It's is an artist's room," said Beatrix; "any one can see that."

"You must see Mrs. Carew's own room," the Duchess told her. "Sometimes, when I look around at all this beauty, I say to myself, 'It is better to be a fashionable artist than the wife of a duke.'"

"You would not like to work as an artist must work who commands success."

"I should not like to work at all," said the Duchess indolently. "After all I suppose we are all in our right places."

As they spoke, a neat maid-servant—Mrs. Carew disliked men servants, and would not have them—they were so awkward, she said—entered to tell them that Mrs. Carew was grieved to detain them, but that she was engaged with the Marquise de Millefleur, who had come from Paris expressly to see her; if her Grace however would but condescend to wait, she would be with her as quickly as she could.

"I shall enjoy waiting," said her Grace graciously. "Pray tell Mrs. Carew that we will attend her pleasure."

There was a luxurious couch in the apartment, and on it her Grace sat down to rest, for the morning was warm and she was tired.

"I adore art," said the Duchess, as she closed her eyes; and Beatrix smiled in spite of herself.

Miss Lennox amused herself by looking at different objects scattered on the tables. One thing struck her very much—a frame of ivory, so delicately and beautifully carved that it seemed too fragile to be touched. It contained the photograph of a very handsome young man—fair, with wholesome healthy fairness, and with great waves of chestnut hair clustered round a broad, beautiful brow—a fair, noble, kingly face, full of grandeur, of nobility, full of truth and thought. At first she thought it must be a fancy photograph.

"I am sure this is meant for King Arthur," she said to herself. "It is just the face for the Blameless King who strove all his life against evil. It is the best face I have seen."

Something in it charmed her. She sat bending over it, looking intently at it; and the blue eyes seemed to look back into her own with an anxiously intent gaze.

"It is a fine face," thought Beatrix. "But there are no such men in these days. The Duke of Heathland is the best specimen I know, and his face could not compare with this. I can read full vitality, strong perfect life here, with goodness and honor. In the faces of many living men I read vanity, self love, indolence, or greed. King Arthur, you have a noble face, and I am the better for having seen it."

She placed the photograph on the table; the Duchess was dozing calmly. A short time afterwards the neat maid servant returned to say that Mrs. Carew was disengaged. Her Grace and Beatrix went at once to her studio, the Duchess protesting vigorously, although uncontradicted, that she had not closed her eyes. "It was not likely," she said, "in that palace of art."

Beatrix looked with some curiosity at the bright eyed, graceful lady who advanced to meet them. How little did she dream that her life would run in a tangled web with that of the wonderful artist who gazed so admiringly at her! Mrs. Carew made all due apologies. The Duchess said frankly that she would rather wait all day than be disappointed in the object for which she was come. Then she introduced Mrs. Carew to Miss Lennox, and the artist's face paled slightly as she looked at the lovely girl in the flush of youth and beauty.

Mrs. Carew began to arrange with the Duchess as to when she should begin her sitting; but while she talked to her Grace she was looking the whole time at the lovely patrician face of "Prince Charlie's" daughter. Then, when all the arrangements were made, Mrs. Carew said laughingly—

"Now that our business is concluded, will your Grace allow me to show you some very beautiful sketches?" The Duchess gave glad consent. "Miss Lennox, you will be pleased with these, I think," added Mrs. Carew.

She seemed to listen with some interest for Beatrix's voice. She looked intently at her as she spoke. She watched her keenly as she placed the sketches before her. Some were landscapes, other figures.

"This is pretty," said Mrs. Carew—"a little summer idyll; it is called 'The Lovers' Quarrel.'"

She looked up in surprise when the Duchess, with a charming smile, took it from her.

"My dear Mrs. Carew," she said, "one of Miss Lennox's peculiarities is that anything relating to love and lovers annoys and vexes her."

Such a strange light passed over the face of the beautiful artist—a strange light that seemed to flash from her eyes into the dark beautiful ones raised to hers.

"Is it so?" she said. "So young, and so capable of winning love, do you not believe in it?"

The strange earnest eyes compelled Beatrix to answer, though her face flushed hotly as she did so.

"I do not believe in what the people I see call love, Mrs. Carew. I cannot say what I should think if I met with real love."

"Ah," said the artist quietly, "I understand!"

"It is more than I do," declared the Duchess; and then the door opened, and a gentleman entered the room.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Mother," cried a manly fresh musical voice, and then the speaker stopped. "I beg pardon," he said in an altered tone; "I thought you were alone."

Mrs. Carew turned round with a beaming smile.

"Come in, Beltran," she requested. "I am quite sure that the Duchess and Miss Lennox will excuse you. Pray come in, my dear."

"I am glad to see Mr. Carew," said the Duchess; while Beatrix, with a low startled cry, dropped the sketch that she held in her hand. It was "King Arthur" himself, the original of the photograph, who was standing there—"King Arthur," whose face she had thought too beautiful and too good to be that of any mortal man!

"We have met before, Mr. Carew," remarked the Duchess good-naturedly. "Pray come in. I ought to apologise for monopolising your mother; but I have been very anxious, and my peace of mind has only just been secured."

"I am delighted to hear it, your Grace," he said; and then, looking across the room, he saw Beatrix Lennox.

Their eyes met—and his held hers captive; while one of the strangest and most solemn of pauses ensued.

Mrs. Carew broke it. She glanced from her son to the brilliant queen of society, and then moved slowly towards them.

"Miss Lennox, permit me to introduce my son—Beltran Carew."

She wondered why the dark eyes flashed and the lovely face flushed. She was not demonstrative, "Prince Charlie's" daughter, but she had met her hero, and her whole soul was stirred. She held out her hand to the man who had striven so hard to save a human life—the white jewelled hand that so seldom went out in greeting. She looked up into his face.

"Are you the Mr. Beltran Carew of whom I read yesterday," she asked, and the music of her voice was dangerous—"the gentleman who gave himself such infinite trouble to save a poor girl's life?"

"Yes, I helped to save her life," he answered.

"You are a noble man," said Beatrix, never thinking how dangerous praise might be from such lips. "When I read that story, I said that I should like to see you and thank you. I little dreamed I should soon be able to do so."

"I have my reward," he said, bending before her, his heart beating high and fast.

The Duchess turned to him with a good-natured laugh.

"You would call it a rich reward if you had heard Miss Lennox when she read the account of your worthy efforts. She could think of nothing else. She talked of it all day."

"Noble deeds are rare," said Beatrix quietly; "and I thought this one very noble. I congratulate you on your success, Mr. Carew. What has become of the girl?"

"Some charitable lady has taken her in hand," he replied.

At this point Mrs. Carew called her son to decide upon some designs for a picture-frame, and then Beatrix was able to look at him. He seemed to her as though every moment of his life were of immense importance to him, as though every instant were filled up. The large blue eyes were bright and intent; the face was eager, earnest, ardent; the lips were clear cut and closed firmly—there was no weakness, no vacillation about them.

Presently Beltran crossed the room and spoke to her about art and pictures, and in a short time they were talking about Strathnarn.

"You lived there all those years and saw no one but the members of your own household?" he said. "Why, Miss Lennox, that must have made you a poet or a painter!"

Beatrix looked up at him with a most charming smile.

"I am afraid," she replied, "that it has made me somewhat of a misanthrope."

"I should not be surprised," he laughed. "Nature has one voice, men have another. I think if had lived so long in solitude I should never have left it."

"I did not wish to do so," said Beatrix; "it was a sad trouble to me."

He looked at her with some curiosity.

"I should imagine that so peculiar a training has made you different from other people," he remarked.

The dark eyes upraised to his had a mist of tears in them.

"It has," she replied; "I always feel it, and feel it keenly. There were no parties—we saw no one. We read and thought. I spent hours alone—more hours than I can remember—on Loch Narn. I suppose I was learning something all the time, but I can hardly tell what that something was."

He looked at her in wonder, this courted, brilliant, beautiful belle. The lovely face was turned from him, with something sad in its expression.

"And would you now really prefer such a life?" he asked.

She paused a moment before she answered him.

"When I first left Strathnarn and came to London," she said, "my life was quite unendurable; but now I have grown accustomed to it—I like it better than I ever thought I should. I do not care for the gaieties, the pleasures, but I begin to like the activity of London life, the mental excitement."

She stopped, blushing to think how much she was saying to a stranger.

"I am ashamed of myself," she said, with that warm frankness that was so great a charm in her. "You encourage my egotism, Mr. Carew, because you are so good a listener."

"I wish you would be egotised forever," he told her; but Beatrix held up her hand with a gesture of warning.

"I want to hear something of yourself," she said. "Tell me, were you not delighted at your success in behalf of that poor girl?"

"I was delighted, Miss Lennox. I sat in court when she was pronounced guilty, and I saw that if ever innocence and fear were plainly expressed in any face they were in hers. From that moment I set myself the task to save her; and, thank Heaven, I succeeded!"

Beatrix looked up, speaking with her usual frankness—the gracious frankness of a true, pure woman.

"I cannot tell you," she said, "how pleased I am to meet you. I was more interested in that history than I have been in anything since I left Strathnarn."

"I can only thank you for your kind sympathy, Miss Lennox," he replied.

"I thought," said Beatrix musingly, "that the old old days of chivalry had died out—that men had ceased to be heroes, and led selfish lives all for themselves, serving only their false gods, pleasure, greed, or ambition. I hardly believed that any one would undertake such a task without earthly reward."

"You misjudge men," he told her in his quiet voice. "It is only natural; you have formed your ideas from books, not from real life. What books have you read?"

"Histories of all kinds, of all nations—after them, Shakspeare and Milton. History did not give me any very exalted ideas of men. Put yourself in my place, Mr. Carew. I knew nothing of this wonderful world except what I gathered from the pages of history. If you had to judge men in the same way, what would you think of them?"

"I can hardly tell," he replied.

"In history," she went on, "kings betrayed their people, people rose up and slew their kings; men invited their fellow-men to grand banquets, and slew them as they sat; men sold their liberty, their honor, their country; they repaid treachery with gold and favor; they often rewarded virtue and truth with death. That is what history told me—and it is true."

He smiled as he listened.

"It is a prejudiced view of the matter," he said; "but there is some truth in it, after all."

"Beatrix," interposed the Duchess, "I think we are trespassing on Mrs. Carew's time."

"I hope not," said Beatrix, rising quickly; and Mrs. Carew assured her that she was at leisure for the remainder of that morning.

The Duchess of Elmslie gave Mrs. Carew and her son a very pressing invitation to dine at Elmslie House, and they accepted it.

"I intend having a grand charade party or fancy ball," she said—"I think a fancy ball would be best; and, Mr. Carew, I shall hope to have the great pleasure of your society. You must come in character."

"I shall be very happy," he returned.

Mrs. Carew had been for some minutes intently watching the face of the lovely girl before her. She said—

"Miss Lennox, I should like to ask you a favor."

"I am quite sure that I should equally like to grant it," responded Beatrix.

"Will you let me paint your portrait? It would be a labor of love."

"I hardly know how to answer you. I should not object. I must ask my uncle and mamma."

"They will be willing—I am sure they could not refuse. I could make such an exquisite picture if you would stand for the subject. I should like to call it—what should I call it, Beltran?"

"The 'Lotus Lily'" he replied; and Mrs. Carew's face brightened.

"You always find the right designation," she said. "The 'Lotus Lily'—already it seems to me that you represent the flower, Miss Lennox. You will ask your relatives, and, if I see you at her Grace's, you will tell me if they consent. Good morning. I am glad that I have seen you, Miss Lennox."

Beatrix said good-bye just as cordially. Then Beltran came to her again.

"I shall look forward with great interest to our next meeting, Miss Lennox—I have enjoyed my morning."

"So have I," she said.

The two ladies left the house, and when they were in the carriage her Grace of Elmslie said—

"My dear Beatrix, I have never seen you so gracious to any man before."

Beatrix replied with an air of lofty contempt which slightly amused the Duchess.

"My dear Duchess, Mr. Carew is not a man—he is a hero."

"Indeed!" was the dry reply. "I still think that your hero is a man, and that if you praise him and smile on him he will fall most desperately in love with you—he cannot help it."

"Mr. Carew is one of the few who are too sensible to give way to such nonsense," said "Prince Charlie's" daughter serenely. "Besides, I did not praise him—although I would if I knew how. I said only what was true. Surely truth is not flattery?"

"I think it resembles it at times," answered the wiser woman.

"Mr. Carew understood—I had the conviction while I spoke to him that he understood—every word I said; that was pleasant. I have talked to gentleman who have said 'Hum' and 'Ha' with the most vacant of expressions. I like Mr. Carew."

"I am pleased you do, my dear, but do not let him fall in love with you."

"Prince Charlie's" daughter sighed.

"Dear Duchess," she said, "how delightful you would be if you would but forget the subject of love for a short time."

Beatrix gave her mother and uncle a most animated account of the interview with the artist, but she refrained from telling them that she had mistaken Beltran Carew's photograph for a fancy photograph meant for King Arthur; nor did she tell them how the clear, bright blue eyes had seemed to look into her very soul.

"I want you to like Mr. Carew, uncle," she said; "he is most intellectual."

"I will like him then, Trixie; I will ask him to dine with us. I am glad you have met some one whom you admire. I think my beautiful heiress is difficult to please."

"I know I am, uncle, and every one is very good to me," she said, with a sudden softening, as she kissed him.

"I had almost forgotten; Trixie, the Duke of Heathland has sent a parcel—some book that you expressed a wish to see."

She turned with a half-angry look in her eyes.

"I declare," she said, "that I will never mention a book to him again! If ever I do so, he sends it."

"Well, my dear?" interrogated her uncle calmly.

"I do not like people to give themselves so much trouble for me," she said; and Peter Lennox smiled a grim half-stern smile.

"I hope the Duke of Heathland will give himself a great deal more trouble about you yet; he is the finest man I know, Beatrix, and I should like to see you his wife."

Peter Lennox fired this shot as he closed the door behind him, leaving his beautiful heiress alone and defiant. She soon forgot the Duke; he was but a minor trouble at present. Her thoughts went back to the handsome, earnest face of Beltran Carew. What was she wishing? Her face burned with the thought. She was wishing that the good tiresome Duke were like Beltran Carew. She thought a great deal about the young lawyer—more than she had ever thought of all the men she knew put together; but she was not ashamed of it. She repeated to herself again and again—

"He is not a man—he is a hero."

On that evening Beatrix went with Mrs. Carden, a fashionable brunette, to the Opera. Looking round the house during one of the intervals she saw a face that impressed her greatly. It was very lovely, fair, and framed in shining golden hair—a proud face, with wonderful scarlet lips and chiselled features. What impressed her so greatly was that the face at different times wore quite a different aspect. When any one was in the box talking to the owner of it, it was most brilliant, most animated; but, when she was alone, a mask almost like a mask of stone came over it—the ripple of laughter died away, the warm sunny coloring fled, the light in the eyes faded, the whole face changed. Beatrix watched it for some time, and appealed to Mrs. Carden for information.

"Who is that lovely blonde lady with the blue velvet and diamonds in the third box?" she asked.

Mrs. Carden raised her opera-glass and looked.

"That is Lady Rayner," she replied, "one of my dearest friends."

"How beautiful she is—but how sad!" said Beatrix.

"Sad? Some people are never content—never would be content if they had all the world," declared Mrs. Carden contemptuously.

"Is she not happy, not content?" asked Beatrix.

"You say she looks sad; so I imagine she cannot be content—though why I cannot understand."

"Is she married?" was the next question.

"Married? Yes. She married Lord Otho Rayner, who was supposed to have a very large income. She has the finest diamonds in London; they are something wonderful. And she drives the finest horses in the park."

"Black care evidently sits behind them," said Beatrix; but Mrs. Carden paid no heed to the words.

"She has certainly the most superb mansion in Park Gardens, and she has a palace in the country. What more can she want?"

"What indeed?" was the satirical reply. "Do you know, Mrs. Carden, that all those things seem to me very trivial?"

Mrs Carden looked up in unaffected horror.

"My dear Miss Lennox," she said, "I hope you have none of the dreadful radical notions that are prevalent. Lady Rayner had them, but they have done her no good."

"I do not believe that diamonds can make any one happy," declared Beatrix. "I think some of the ladies who have 'all they want in the world' are most miserable."

"That is because they want what they cannot get," said Mrs. Carden. "If you like, I will introduce you to Lady Rayner."

"I should like it very much," replied Beatrix; and when the ladies stood together in the crush-room the introduction took place.

From the first moment Beatrix liked her new acquaintance. She liked her fair lovely face, with its curious changes from gay to grave. Now, as they stood talking, Lady Rayner looked bright, animated, and happy; a few minutes afterwards she was standing alone, and looked as though a sudden blight had affected her; and then again, when Beatrix spoke to her, the grave sadness vanished as if by magic.

"Are you waiting for Lord Rayner?" asked Mrs. Carden; and the answer was—

"No; Lord Rayner will not go home with me."

"I thought I saw him in the house."

"He was, I believe; but he did not come with me."

"That is fashionable life," thought Beatrix—"husband and wife at the same entertainment and never seeing each other!"

She wondered what Lord Rayner was like. Then she roused herself. Lady Rayner was speaking to her, asking Mrs. Carden and herself to go home with her to a *petit souper*.

"I had thought of going to Elmslie House, but I should prefer seeing you. Will you come, Miss Lennox?"

But Beatrix declined. Lady Lennox would be anxious, her uncle also. If Lady Rayner would be disengaged, she would call on the day following.

"I should like that better," said Lady Rayner in her sweet, sad, hopeless voice.

They talked for a short time longer, and when about to separate Lady Rayner took Beatrix by the hand.

"Something tells me we are to be friends," she said. "I hope such will be the case."

The sweet sad face with its strange gleams of laughter touched Beatrix.

"I shall be pleased," she said simply; but the tone was sincere.

"Is Lord Rayner what people call a nice man?" Miss Lennox asked of Mrs. Carden. That worldly lady laughed.

"He ought to be," she replied—"every one looks at him through a golden haze."

"Does his wife look at him through a golden haze, Mrs. Carden?" inquired Beatrix.

Mrs. Carden laid her hand on the young girl's.

"Will you believe this," she said—"that the most miserable people in this world are those who take life in earnest?"

Before the eyes of "Prince Charlie's" daughter rose the earnest face of an earnest man—Beltran Carew—and her whole soul rose in hot rebellion against the foolish words.

"How can you speak so?" she cried. And then, feeling ashamed of her warmth, she said, "It is not right of you, who should know better, to teach the young and the ignorant such a doctrine. Suppose I were to believe you?"

"You would do a very wise thing, my dear," replied Mrs. Carden calmly. "I repeat that to be happy in this world you must take life more as a jest than in earnest."

"Then I would rather be in earnest and unhappy," cried Beatrix—to which Mrs. Carden replied that in all probability, with those ideas, she would be unhappy; and so the conversation ended.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STRENGTH OF INSECTS.

The following are striking illustrations of the superherculean strength with which the commonest insects are endowed. The common flea, as every one knows, will, without much apparent effort, jump two hundred times its own length, and several grasshoppers and locusts are said to be able to perform leaps quite as wonderful. In the case of the insect they scarcely excite our notice; but if a man were coolly to take a standing leap of three hundred and eighty odd yards, which would be an equivalent exertion of muscular power, perhaps our admirers of athletic sports might be rather startled at such a performance.

Again, for a man to run ten miles within the hour would be admitted to be a tolerably good display of pedestrianism; but what are we to say to the little fly observed by Mr. Delisle, "so minute as almost to be invisible," which ran nearly six inches in a second, and in that space was calculated to have made one thousand and eighty steps? This, according to calculation, is as if a man whose steps measured only two feet, should run at the incredible rate of twenty miles in a minute. Equally surprising are the instances of insect strength given by Mr. Newport. The great stag-beetle, which tears off the bark from the roots and the branches of trees, has been known to gnaw a hole, an inch in diameter, through the side of an iron canister in which it was confined, and on which the marks of its jaws were distinctly visible, as proved by Mr. Stephens, who exhibited the canister at one of the meetings of the Entomological Society.

A GENTLEMAN at a fancy fair, being solicited to buy something by a young lady who kept a stall, said he wanted to buy what was not for sale—a lock of her hair. She promptly cut off the coveted curl, and received the sum asked for it—namely, five guineas. The purchaser was showing his trophy to a friend; "to my certain knowledge, she only paid three guineas for the whole wig."

JUBILATE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Fanned by a westering summer breeze,
One morn among the whispering trees,
I listened while the birds
Sang low their loving words.

And near at hand, like to a silver thread,
A tiny stream ran through its pebbly bed,
And its green banks were fair
With flowers that clustered there.

There Nature by the hand I warmly grasped,
And to my soul its soul I closely clasped,
And we gave forth our praise
Each in our different ways.

A Boarding-House Romance.

S. R. D.

"Ye should hae telt me that in time, Jamie—
Ye should hae telt me that lang syne, laddie."

The singer's rich contralto had reached that far, when, by an inadvertent movement, down came the music-book with a clatter upon the keys, causing the quiet whist-players from their remote corner in Madame Renaud's large drawing-room, to look round in amazement.

"I think, after such an undignified interruption, we will not attempt 'Huntingtower' again; at any rate not this evening," said the fair singer, Kate Durant, laughingly.

"As you please," said her companion, stooping to recover the fallen music, and placing it again before her. "It is an especial favorite of mine lately," he added, in a low, meaning voice, the earnestness of which brought the color in a sudden rush to her cheeks.

"But you cannot justify Jamie's behavior," said she lightly, to cover her confusion.

"He wished to try Jeanie's truth, and well she stood the test," he answered. Is there one that would be true to me, it may be through years of waiting,—to me with neither Saint Johnstoune's Bower nor Huntingtower to offer?"

"What is the next piece on your programme, young people?"

The question thus suddenly breaking in upon them came from Madame Renaud. Unperceived by the pair at the piano, the game had concluded, and the whist-players were dispersing. Although the room was partially lit, it was only twilight, and the lovely October evening seemed to draw the party like a magnet to the verandah.

"Let us listen to the cool plash of the waves instead," said Frank Faulkner regaining his composure. "It is the finest music of an evening like this."

Drawing a settee to where Kate had seated herself, half in and half out of the low window, he placed himself where he could gaze unperceived at the lovely profile, delicate and clear-cut as a sculptor's marble, thrown out to perfection against the darkening blue of the sky. For a short time the only sound that broke the silence was the faint ripple of the sea, and the plash of an oar as a boat slowly glided by.

But presently a woman's voice was heard, loud and harsh even in the distance, and two figures advanced up the long parade, halting opposite the verandah, and drawing Kate's attention towards them.

"There is that remarkable-looking woman again, madame, with the little boy. I wonder if she is under a vow never to wear anything but an unmense scarlet shawl over a blue-and-green plaid dress? Did she not resemble a materialized rainbow this morning, Mr. Faulkner?" Turning to him for an answer, she found, with momentary surprise, that he had left the room.

"No one seems to know who she is," said madame, replying to her question in a general way. "But she is evidently not a lady."

"She would pass admirably as a Spanish gipsy," said Brand, who considered himself a *connoisseur* on the subject of female beauty.

Meanwhile the object of their remarks had moved hastily away, apparently to join some one, though whom Kate, from her position in the verandah, could not perceive. The evening wore away, and the party were dispersing to their different rooms, when Frank again made his appearance, just in time to hand Kate's candle to her, and open the door.

"We finish the duet to-morrow, remember," said he, pressing her hand in a lingering "good night!"

Cliff House, the residence of Madame Renaud, was situated at the end of Stormouth Marine Parade.

Facing a bold line of seacoast, sheltered behind by the towering cliff from which it derived its name, possessing a lawn and tiny grounds on the southern side, it was eminently suited for the purpose for which, ten years ago, Madame Renaud—that of a boarding-house. It seemed to meet all requirements; a carriage-drive reaching to a well-covered portico, a spacious drawing-room from which could be obtained a view of the harbors, made it available alike for invalids, young people to whom the "see and be seen" phase of seaside life was by no means objectionable, and gentlemen to whom the shipping afforded a ceaseless topic of conversation over their wine and walnuts.

Great as these advantages were there was however one that yet outbalanced them all, and that was Madame Renaud herself, the charming hostess. Endowed with rare tact, power of forming the most incongruous materials into an harmonious whole, a thorough knowledge of English customs and character, combined with French vivacity and sparkle—Madame Renaud was a universal favorite.

Let the season be what it might, visitors few or many, Cliff House was always full. She petted the invalids, arranged pic-nics and lawn-tennis for the young people, listened to the interminable stories of Major Brand, always beginning with "When I was in India," with untired interest and amiability.

Moreover, she generally had an affair on hand among her guests, the happy termination of which, in a wedding, was in great measure due to her consummate tact, madame being well aware that a character for matrimony told rather for than against the success of her establishment. Not a few would fain have laid siege to the fair Frenchwoman herself, but although accepting all homage she yielded to none. Invariably attired in an exquisitely-fitting black silk dress, with sweeping train, a tiny white lace cap of cobweb texture, she moved among her guests like some beneficent fairy.

However differently society at Cliff House might have employed itself during the day, it always assembled in the large drawing-room in the evening. Whist held silent sway at one end, music and singing at the other. Although the chandeliers were lit the Venetians were frequently left undrawn, allowing all who liked to remain on the verandah, and enjoy the cool breeze of the autumn evening and the sight of the moonlit sea.

Such was the home to which Kate Durant and her guardian, Major Brand, had come about twelve months previously, a few weeks before the arrival of Frank Faulkner, whose general characteristics had sorely puzzled madame. Handsome and commanding in person, reared apparently in the lap of luxury, brought up to no profession, it was yet evident that he had made acquaintance with poverty. On his arrival he had entered the field of literature—donned "the uniform of foolscap," as he half-satirically, half-bitterly termed it. Peseveringly struggling on, burning much "midnight oil," he hoped in time to win his way as an author.

"Ye should hae telt me that in time, Jamie—
Ye should hae telt me that lang syne, laddie."

So blithely sang Kate Durant the next morning, as she snatched up her garden-hat for a stroll in the grounds after breakfast.

Standing at the gate, the winding walks up the cliff looked more than usually picturesque and inviting, so she decided upon taking that direction, a half-formed hope of meeting the man that she was beginning to acknowledge to herself as a lover strengthening her determination.

Gaily she was proceeding, her hat still in her hand, when from a sort of cave in the cliff just above her came a voice that set her pulses bounding.

"It is of no use, Caroline, we go over the same grounds again and again; you know what your allowance is, and must not forestall it. Besides, it is quite sufficient."

The words were spoken in a cold, stern tone. The reply came before they were well out of his mouth.

"Sufficient!" she echoed, in a loud, harsh voice, trembling with passion—"sufficient for a wife and child! This is your doing; you want me out of the way."

"You need not excite yourself so, Caroline," came the words, colder and sterner than before. "Here is the money, and here,"—writing on a leaf of his pocket-book—"something more than your usual allowance for the child, as you say you need it. You know the conditions on which it is given you."

Muttering in what sounded like a foreign tongue, she greedily grasped the packet held out to her, and flinging her red shawl over her shoulders, turned to go. Her coarse dark beauty fell on Kate's gaze as she stood perfectly chained to the spot.

She watched the flaming garment fade gradually in the distance, and the tall, straight figure of Frank Faulkner recede in an opposite direction, lingering as if waiting for some beloved object he fain would see. How long she remained under the cave she never knew. Too stunned to move, almost to think, she lay on the cool ground like one in a trance.

At length, however, it became necessary for her to return; her absence probably unnoticed at luncheon was not to be thought of from the dinner-table; and feeling that the light of her life was gone, that henceforth she would rather die than live, she slowly moved away. To have loved, and loved like this! Oh! the horror, and shame of it!

To her great relief Frank Faulkner's chair at table was vacant, but he joined them soon after in the drawing room. Making his way at once towards Kate, he said:

"May I ask you to sing my favorite song again, Katie, *mia*? Shall it be a solo or a duet?"

"It shall be neither, Mr. Faulkner," said she, in a cold hard voice, drawing her slight form to its fullest height, "and I must beg you to remember in future that my Christain name is reserved for my friends."

For a moment he gazed thunderstruck, mingled love and surprise struggling on his fine features. Then pride came to his aid, and he turned away with a cold "As you please, Miss Durant."

Heart-sick and weary she sought her room that night with the words of the unfinished song haunting her brain:

"Ye should hae telt me that in time, Jamie—
Ye should hae telt me that lang syne, laddie."
For had I kent o'your fause heart
Ye ne'er had gotten mine, laddie."

* * * * *

It wanted two days of Frank Faulkner's departure from Madame Renaud's. The morning, hitherto wet and cloudy, had suddenly cleared, and a breeze, that threatened ere night-fall to become a gale, had sprung up.

Luncheon was just over; the ladies had dispersed, but the gentlemen still lingered, watching the huge foam-crested waves.

"That lady must be remarkably fond of boating to brave such a sea as that," observed Major Brand to Captain Brayshaw, an elderly naval officer, and latest arrival.

He made no reply, beyond anxiously scanning the onward career of the tiny bark through his telescope. By its powerful aid he could descry the child who, with the boatman and lady, formed the sole occupants, leaning over the side apparently trying to obtain a piece of seaweed as it floated by.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, flinging down his glass. "The boat has upset!"

Frank Faulkner, his face white as the handkerchief he held, rushed from the room towards the beach closely followed by the others. Meanwhile the accident had been perceived on all sides; there was an outcry and a rush to the boats, which were put off in all directions, sturdy arms rowing with might and main to reach the three struggling figures that now rose, now disappeared. Once, the woman and child were seen to rise, but before help could reach them they sank to rise no more.

Amidst the terror-stricken crowd that thronged the shore stood Kate Durant. Her face, white and quivering, was turned to where Frank stood with lips compressed and eyes strained towards the boats.

"Mr. Faulkner," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "can you stand thus, with your wife and child drowning, and not try to save them?"

"My wife and child! I do not understand you, Miss Durant."

"Not understand me! Are you so utterly false? You do not know that I was a witness of one of your meetings at the cave under the cliff!"

Suddenly through the dark trouble of his face came a gleam almost of joy.

"Then that was the reason of your altered behavior, your caprice and heartlessness as I thought, that in another day would have sent me forth, my faith in women gone for ever! Katie, my darling, meet me by the cave this evening, and I will explain all."

Pale and trembling, but with a feeling as of a burden being lifted from her shoulders and a weight from her heart, she returned to the house.

"You have heard me speak of Fairfield, Katie?" said Frank Faulkner, as they paced the cliff together some hours after the sad catastrophe.

She bent her head in assent.

"Fairfield Hall is the residence of my uncle, Lord Vaughan, and until the last five or six years mine as well. Brought up as heir-presumptive to the title and estates, I followed no profession, and never once dreamed of entering the crowded field of literature for aught save my own amusement. About that time my uncle, then on the verge of seventy, went abroad to recruit his failing health intending to pass the winter in the South of Spain. Judge of my surprise, Katie, when he suddenly returned, bringing with him a bride! And such a bride! How or where he met her he never told me. My own idea is that she was a Spanish gipsy. In spite of her beauty it was evident that her origin was of the lowest. A few months sufficed to show that she was totally unfit in every way to reign as mistress in such a place as Fairfield Hall. You have seen her, and can judge in some measure the sort of wife my uncle chose to solace his old age, and uphold the honor of an ancient name."

"For the boy's sake the heir to the title, he did not utterly disown her. He engaged a residence for her at Stormouth, which she held under certain conditions, and my uncle deputed me to watch over her and the young heir—not by any means a light task, as, if you overheard our last interview, Katie, you must have gathered. In another month the boy would have been placed in other hands. I fear my uncle will bitterly regret him, and I dread the effects this morning's sad catastrophe will have upon his shattered health. Have I anything more to say, or have I explained to your satisfaction, Katie?"

"And I doubted you, Frank! Oh! forgive me."

"Appearances were against me, but the cloud has cleared. Is it not so, my darling?"

* * * * *

Six months later, and the village of Fairfield is *en fete*. The cause of the festivity is the return of Lord and Lady Vaughan from their honeymoon.

Although the death of the late lord is still a recent event, all signs of mourning are put away for the day. On the spacious terrace of Fairfield Hall, facing the assembled tenantry and villagers in gala attire, stand Kate and her lover-husband. Close behind them are Major Brand, the bride's guardian, and Madame Renaud. The latter, fascinating as ever, has lately listened to the gallant major's stories with such deference that he does not despair of winning the charming widow in the end.

Kate, though new to her position as peeress, is already gaining golden opinions. With her hand on her husband's arm, she smiles and bows in answer to the repeated cheers, and turning her beautiful head towards him, says softly:

"'Saint Johnstoune's Bower and Huntingtowers.'"

With a look of love he answers:

"'And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.'"

Success Versus Failure.

BY CELANIRE.

John Bunyan, in his account of the "Holy War," speaks of the various events that transpired in the town of Mansoul. There are some papers, however, which have fallen into my hands (regarding a celebrated trial in this very place, and the events that caused it) and which have never before been given to the public. They are of a fragmentary nature, containing merely a few notes, and extracts from the speeches on both sides, but they may, perhaps, be interesting.

It appears that one time, there was a great excitement in Mansoul. Previous to the disturbance, the affairs of the town had been in quite a flourishing condition; and Prince Emmanuel's three representatives, Faith, Hope and Love, held undisturbed sway.

But Diabolus, always restless, had been busy for some time concocting a new scheme to regain possession of the town from which he had been ejected. He knew how to make this very prosperity "to be a snare to the feet" of the inhabitants.

The first thing he did, was to send his agents with secret instructions to work upon the minds of the citizens by every possible means. These agents did their work well, and soon gained the public ear.

They advanced many peculiar theories; and made such impressive speeches about what they called "the beautiful and true," that the citizens became eager to follow them and seek for the indefinable something of which they spoke.

Everyday work was neglected; and on all sides were heard such phrases as: "Work is unnatural,"—"We should strive only to reach the beautiful,"—"Our higher development,"—and so on.

At this juncture, Diabolus sent his general, Failure, to take possession of the city. This general entered the place, at the head of his demons of hopelessness and desperation; Faith and Hope were deposed and sent off as prisoners to the castle of Despair.

He kept Love, but the latter was ruler only in name, and Failure soon took the reins of government into his own hands.

He broke up the "Society of Good Resolution;" and cut off every hope, so that the citizens fell into a kind of lethargy. They would not work, and all their faculties seemed to be deadened. It was a gloomy time in Mansoul.

But in the meantime, Hope and Faith had escaped from their prison, and applied to Prince Emmanuel for assistance. This good prince sent an army to help Mansoul, headed by his bravest general, Success.

When Success demanded admittance at the gates of the city, he found, to his surprise, that the inhabitants were not disposed to let him in. They had lost all heart during the reign of Failure, and had grown indifferent to everything.

However, Success was too good a general to remain long outside; and he soon entered the city in triumph.

Then there was a great tumult in Mansoul; the forces of Success and Failure contended for the mastery. For days the fight raged; and meanwhile the citizens looked on with a listless apathy.

At length, it was determined to settle the matter by a hearing before Lord Conscience.

It is a pity that the papers containing the account of the trial have not been kept; but unfortunately only part of the lawyers' speeches have been preserved.

The lawyer for the plaintiff, Success, was Truth; and Sophistry was advocate for the defendant, Failure.

The opening speech of Truth was a powerful one, and she was severe in her condemnation of the indolence caused by Failure.

Sophistry, on her part, replied in paralogisms, advanced many fallacies, and equivocated constantly. She even went so far as to declare there was no use in work, and that sluggishness and torpidity were the natural conditions of man.

"When one is successful," she said, "his nerves are strung to the highest point to keep his position; it requires constant exertion; so that the rule of Success is a very hard one to obey. But the government of failure! How different? Under his rule men drift down the river of Time without a thought or care for the morrow."

"Stop!" cried Truth, her eyes flashing. "You know well enough that Failure has acted the tyrant to the inhabitants of Mansoul. I appeal to you, my Lord, and request that that misstatement may be corrected."

Sophistry, seeing herself cornered, proceeded to modify her statement.

"There is a certain majesty in misfortune and defeat," she said. "The world is apt to judge too harshly of him who misses his aim. A poem half written and then laid aside, a statue but half chiseled from the marble block, a great railroad projected and then given up, at these failures the world aims its shafts of satire. It does not know that in them the author, sculptor, or projector sees only his fallen ideals, crushed to the earth by circumstances. Surely it is better to try and be defeated, than never to try at all. And if Failure does not do all he should, at least give him the credit for trying. Let him still reign in Mansoul."

"No!" thundered Truth; "Mansoul has been rendered gloomy enough by his influence."

Then she added, more gently:

"You say that it is better to try and to be defeated than never to try at all. But I say it is better to try and to succeed! The poet that could write half a poem could write a whole one, if he would only preserve the conditions under which he began it; the sculptor could release his ideal from its marble prison if he had taken pains enough, and if the ideal had really existed; and if your railroad man failed, the reason no doubt lay in his own deficiencies and want of calculation. The road to prosperity and good fortune is open to him that has the will to do and dare, and the patience to wait."

The account of the trial finishes here, but one fragment of paper states that the suit was won by Success, and that failure was sent back to Diabolus.

Prince Emmanuel soon after visited the town and appointed Success military governor, and this general guarded Mansoul so well that Diabolus and his agents rarely ventured again within sight of its walls.

News of Interest

John Morrissey gave away $25,000 a year.

The Saratoga, N. Y., hotel employs 650 waiters—all negroes.

The first newspaper was printed in England, May 28th, 1576.

Balconies on houses originated with Italian Architecture.

Eighteen families in New York count up $240,000,000 amongst them.

The stocking of the Delaware river with salmon has been a decided success.

Of 5,095 books published in England in 1877, 2,046 were new editions of old books.

Games of ball were among the most favorite gymnastic exercise of the ancients.

France proposes spending $150,000,000 on her army, and $45,000,000 on her navy in 1879.

The Boston (Mass.) public garden is adorned by 10,000 tulips, imported at a cost of $800.

Colorado is the only state in the Union that does not promise an unusually heavy harvest.

An agricultural paper wants farmers to rig up umbrellas to protect them from the sun when at work.

General Butler declines to state whether he will be a candidate for Gubernatorial honors in Massachusetts.

An otter, when caught in a trap, cries so much like a child that it sometimes induces trappers to release them.

Ithaca, N. Y., is scandalized over the charges of profane swearing preferred against a minister of that town.

Pio Nono is to be beatified, and a commission is now engaged in collecting instances of his virtues and eminent goodness.

Two men named Watson and Rankin drank carbolic acid for whiskey, at Bellefonte, the other day, and died soon after.

John O'Conner, the ex-convict, recently expelled from the Ohio Legislature, is to lecture on "From the Prison to the Capitol."

Mr. Spofford, the Congressional Libarian, says that not one member out of ten makes any use of the Congressional Library.

Bessie Turner, of Tilton fame, has proved a failure as an actress before provincial audiences in Pennsylvania. In the oil regions she fell flat.

An Iowa minister is on the way to an immense fortune. He has invented a churn which is operated by rocking to and fro in a cushioned arm-chair.

A firm in Boston is turning out 8,000 cans, or 24,000 pounds, daily, of canned codfish balls and baked beans, and finds a large demand for both articles.

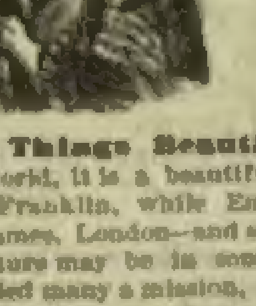
A Chinaman who had his queue cut off in the San Francisco jail, has sued the Sheriff of the county for ten thousand dollars damages. It is to be made a test case.

At a game of fortune telling the other day at Sandringham, the Princess of Wales was told by the oracle that her fate would be to marry a widower with twelve children.

Edison, the inventor of the phonograph, is a tremendous worker. Work is a dissipation with him—his only bad habit. For the last ten years he has averaged 18 hours a day at his desk.

The Moffett Liquor Law has now gone into active operation in Louisiana. It imposes a tax of one quarter of a cent on every drink, and it is estimated that it will yield about $300,000 a year.

R. Lyman Potter has started on his tramp from Albany, N. Y., to San Fransisco, trundling a wheelbarrow. This king of tramps is to travel the 3,324 miles in 250 days, or, as he does not break the fourth commandment, 215 days of actual travel, and a wager of $1,000 will reward his success. The feat can be accomplished by an average of eighteen and a half miles a day, but he has thus far travelled at the daily rate of about twenty-six miles.



"Of all Things Beautiful in this beautiful world, it is a beautiful woman." So said wise Ben. Franklin, while Embassador at the Court of St. James, London—and say we. However backward Nature may be in some instances, Art has duly fulfilled many a mission, making women appear not only pretty, handsome, but beautiful, improving Nature simply by the harmless use of Laird's famous "BLOOM OF YOUTH," a majestic preparation for beautifying the complexion or preserving the skin, giving it a delicate and brilliant hue. As a toilet, it has no equal; is free from any deleterious substances, and pronounced above all others as a reliable but harmless preparation. Beware of spurious imitations. Depot of G. W. Laird's Bloom of Youth, 83 John street, New York.

SWEET IMPLORING.

O eyes, that have in you a sweet imploring
Blue eyes, that hold the pathos of the sea,
Rippling beneath the sunny skies of Eden
And lisping happy thoughts infinitely.
O eyes, that hold in you a sweet imploring
For love and trust while looking up at me;

O eyes, that hold in you a sweet imploring,
Pure with God's love, and such love giving me,
Is it not sweet as sweetest bliss of Heaven
To take such proffered love infinitely,
To feel the pathos of your eyes imploring
Glad, sacred answers through eternity?

O eyes, that hold in you a sweet imploring,
Look up forever into my own eyes,
Till we be thralled forever by each other,
Nor know if this be earth or Paradise,
But worship God alone through the imploring,
In trustful love seen through pathetic eyes.

* * *

THE

Lovers of Ordmore.

CHAPTER XIII—[CONTINUED.]

"What is it?" cried Jack, running in on hearing his wife's cry.

"She is dead! That villain has killed her—that bad, wicked——"

"What?" asked Jack in blank dismay.

"Hammersley!" replied Molly; and then she told him hurriedly what had happened, and implored him to send off at once for the doctor.

Meanwhile Graham lay like a log, as though she were dead indeed.

In a few minutes the village surgeon arrived, and, after a brief examination, asked if the lady had had any sudden or severe shock. Molly burst out crying, and her husband took her away, while Miss Wyvill told him that such was the case.

"She must be kept perfectly quiet, with ice to the head. I am afraid we cannot avert fever of the brain." He left most minute instructions, and promised to come back in the course of a few hours.

It was the beginning of a serious illness for Graham Falconer. During the long June days she lay battling with the dread King of Terrors—a struggle which to the anxious watchers around seemed often about to close the life of the sick girl. At length, after many days of raving delirium, she opened her eyes one morning, and, with the first gleam of sense that had filled them since Molly had received Noel Hammersley's letter, looked at Miss Wyvill.

"Auntie!" she whispered faintly.

"Yes, my darling."

"What is the matter?"

"You have been ill, dear, but now you will soon be better; you must however lie still and not talk."

With the unquestioning weakness which severe illness produces she turned her face back upon the pillow. She had evidently forgotten all her trouble, and almost immediately dozed off again, lying all the day between waking and sleeping. In the evening of the next day Jack Lacy came in from Doncaster with the evening paper.

"Just look here, aunt Grace!" he said, pointing out a paragraph in the paper.

Miss Wyvill took it from him and read the announcement of Noel Hammersley's marriage, which had taken place that morning—

"On the 20th, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Noel Hammersley, late —th Dragoons, to Hilda, only child and heiress of the late John Valentine, of Ashville, Lancashire."

Miss Wyvill looked up piteously into her nephew's face.

"Who is to tell her?" she said. "I dare not."

And Graham lay in her bed and watched the nodding roses peeping inquisitively through the window, following with her eyes the flies in their progress along ceiling and wall, listening to the droning hum of the heavily laden bees on their homeward way, wondering in a dim sort of way why she was lying there, and when they would let her get up and go down to Noel.

At last something of the truth flashed across her brain. What was it? That something unusual had happened she was certain—but what? She could not grasp the faint ideas that came and went through the inmost recesses of her brain. Nell had just come in—perhaps she could help her.

"Did some one tell me I had been ill?"

"Yes, my darling, very ill," answered Nell, kneeling down by the bedside.

"Has Noel gone back to his regiment?"

Nell did not answer. She knew through Douglas that he had not done so, having sent in his papers without even going down to wish his old comrades good-bye. Graham, in her weakened state did not notice the omission.

"Could he not get longer leave?" the weak voice went on. "No, I suppose not. Has he written often, Nell?"

"He has not written to me, my darling."

"To Molly then? Nell, what made me so ill? I have been trying to remember and I cannot. What was it that happened?"

"You had a fall—don't you remember?"

Graham shook her head.

"No. Did I fall? Where?"

"In the breakfast room."

For a moment, with a puzzled expression on her face, she lay looking at her cousin; the next instant distinct recollection of all that had happened came back with cruel vividness; she tried excitedly to raise herself from her pillows, but the effort was too much, and before Nell could rise from her knees she sank back choking, with a crimson stream flowing from between her lips.

"Oh, my darling, I have killed her!" cried Nell, tearing down the bell-rope in her frantic haste.

The others were quickly on the spot, and for some hours it seemed as though Nell's cry of misery would really come true, but the splendid constitution of the girl, untried save for that one illness, proved victorious, and after another protracted struggle, followed by long days and nights of weariness more terrible to bear than pain, Graham Falconer came back slowly to health and comparative strength again—very slowly, for when, by the doctor's advice, she was taken abroad, summer had fled and brown October was sprinkling her many gorgeous hues upon the green earth.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was evening. The mellow light of the setting sun poured full upon the winding streets of the cramped old town of Antwerp, flooding the grand Cathedral of Notre Dame like a sea of glory, gilding and beautifying the quaint old houses, many of them seven stories high, with their lavishly decorated fronts, the adornments of which gave proof of a Spanish rule.

At an upper window of the Hotel St. Antoine Nell Wyvill sat, or rather leant, with both arms resting on the window-ledge, watching with the eager interest of a person utterly strange to any but an English life the crowd of idle loiterers below. Every now and then she gave Graham the benefit of her impressions. Graham was lounging in a huge armchair, quite indifferent to the strangeness of her surroundings, showing no surprise, expressing no desire, only sitting with idly folded hands in the utter abandonment of hopelessness.

"I have never seen such extraordinary old frights in all my life!" remarked Nell, without turning her head and with her usual rapidity of decision. "There is a woman standing just underneath the window with a bonnet for the conception of which the man who invented it ought to be smothered."

"Perhaps it was a woman," suggested Graham.

"I can't think it," laughed Nell, "for the girls seem to have more sense. Their get-ups—or should I say gets-up?—are really coquettish. I can see one girl—a really pretty girl too—who has on a dress trimmed with scarlet, blue, green, and pink. She has splendid lace too on her cap; but it is a shame to cover up so pretty a face as though she were a knight of old who needed a mailed helmet. I should think it must get awfully in the way. If I wore one, I should get it all crushed and daubed with food in half an hour. It seems to be a great annoyance to what Douglas would call her 'darling,' for he keeps poking his head round the broad lappets which shade her face to get a peep at her. She looks so bright and pleased, though I can't see how she can, for—oh, he is such a lout!"

"She doesn't think so," said Graham indifferently.

"Not she—judging at least by her coquettish airs and graces. Oh, there is an old woman with such splendid diamonds, necklace, ear-rings, waist-buckle, and queer sorts of semicircular ornaments fixed on her forehead! Who is this old woman with the diamonds?" she demanded of a waiter who entered to clear away the table.

"Dat is one Dutch wife of zee farmer," said the man. "Probably dey belong some time to her grandmother of six or seven times back."

"How do you know she is Dutch?"

"I am also of dat race, mees, and I have spoke mit de lady."

"But do they always go about without bonnets on?"

"Oh, yes, mees! Dat is the costume of deir province."

"What a droll idea!" said Nell as he departed. "Are *you* tired, Graham?"

"No, dear."

"Suppose we go into the Cathedral; there is music of some sort going on."

"Very well. Will you bring me my hat down? And perhaps you had better tell aunt Grace where we are going."

In a few minutes the two girls, dressed alike in blue serge, went arm-in-arm across the Place Verte and passed under the great archway into the Cathedral. Nell drew a long breath.

"Isn't it splendid?" she whispered in rather an awe-struck tone.

Graham looked indifferently round, sank down upon one of the little rush-bottomed chairs which were scattered about, and with her cheek resting on her hand closed her eyes wearily.

That was the chief thing her friends had to battle against, her listless indifference. She was the same Graham as of old, but so utterly without interest in anything that might be going on. Since the day she had broken the blood vessel she had never mentioned Noel by name; and only once had she alluded to her sorrow. That was when Molly had spoken to her seriously, and told her that if she did not make an effort to rouse herself she would die.

"That would not be so dreadful," she answered—"I have nothing to live for."

"Then you are very wicked," said Molly sharply; "you ought to remember how much you have to do in the world. You do not suppose Heaven gave you a great estate like Ordmore just for your own pleasure? You have your duty to do by it, and you ought to do it."

"Perhaps I ought," returned Graham indifferently.

When the service was ended, the two girls went out into the quiet night. The still moon was gleaming down upon the grand Gothic pile, with its exquisite spire pointing heavenwards through the calm clear air. Something in the church or the placid scene without roused Graham from her listlessness, and she made a suggestion for the first time since her illness. As yet she had only assented to the wishes of others.

"Let us walk round the Cathedral," she said.

Of course Nell was delighted to hear her express a wish of any sort, and agreed heartily. After walking a little way they paused, and then Graham broke the silence.

"You would do something for me, Nell, would you not?"

"Of course," said Nell promptly.

"Will you answer me a question truly?"

"Yes, if I can."

"I am perfectly certain you are hiding something about Noel from me; now tell me—what have you heard about him since I was ill?"

Nell's heart began throbbing painfully, and she remained silent through sheer inability to speak.

"What have you heard?" persisted Graham. "Tell me."

"I can't tell you; don't ask me."

"Is he with his regiment?"

"No; he sent in his papers."

"Then he is dead?"

Nell shook her head.

"Tell me quickly. I am quite strong; I shall not faint. See, I am as steady as a rock. Tell me, Nell; for Heaven's sake don't keep me in this horrible suspense!"

"I cannot tell you!" said Nell at last.

"He is married; is it so? Yes, I see it is by your silence. When was it?"

"On the day you broke the blood vessel."

"What day was that?"

"The twentieth of June."

"So soon—only twenty days! Ah, that was soon to forget me! Who was she?"

Again Nell was silent.

"Is it—was it that—that woman? There, you need not take hold of me; I am all right. Do you remember my telling you once that, if by any chance he married that woman, I should be ashamed to regret him? Well, Nell, I have been regretting him all these months, daily—nay, hourly; every moment of the day and night I have been hoping and longing that he would come back to me; now I would not have him if he could come. It is a pity you did not tell me sooner; I would rather have known it. Let us go in."

"My dear children," said Miss Wyvill, in the cheerful tone she always used for Graham's sake, "how late you are! The tea has been made half an hour."

"Yes? Well, auntie, we are just famishing and dying of thirst," replied Graham with a laugh. "I think I shall drain the tea-pot."

Miss Wyvill looked at her niece sideways. This sudden change of tone startled her, and she began to think Graham's mind was giving way. She had grown accustomed to hear her say she did not want any tea, and she thought she should go to bed, or she thought she should go and lie down.

"Oh, and, auntie dear, I don't like this place at all! Could we not go on to Brussels to-morrow?"

"Certainly, if you like."

"You see, it is so dull here."

"My love, you have been here only two days!"

"Yes, I know, but I hate it—you don't know how much," answered Graham. "Ah, do let us go to Brussels, and then, you know, we might go to Paris for a month or two!"

"My dear, Paris at this time of the year is simply unendurable."

"Then let us make a tour of all the Belgian towns."

Finally this was the plan agreed upon, but it was never carried out. They were safely settled in Brussels the next day, and there they remained, charmed by the cleanliness, brightness, and gaiety of the fair city. They lingered among the beautiful shops, where Graham bought many things for her cousin's *trousseau*, as a token of gratitude for the care she had taken of her during her illness.

They loitered among the quaint old architecture of the lower town, with its noble streets and mansions inhabited by the mercantile portion of the community; they gazed with reverence on the statue of Godfrey de Bouillon of famous crusading memory; they admired, perhaps more than all the stately palaces and splendid buildings—for they were but girls—the gay Parisian toilets, and, above all, the exquisite Mechlin and Brussels lace.

Enjoying the galleries of splendid paintings of both ancient and modern schools, the churches, the museums, gardens, parks, shops, concerts, the many excursions, the hotel balls, and the hundred and one amusements always to be obtained in Brussels, they remained until it was time to return to Idleminster for Nell's wedding.

Never once had Graham's spirits flagged. She appeared to have put her false love away out of her life as completely as though he had never existed. Yet, in the quiet nights, when no human eye was upon her, she lay sobbing wildly as though the terrible wound could never be healed—as though each fresh burst of grief would tear her slender frame asunder. In public she would say with scornful bravery that she would be ashamed to regret him, but in her inner life the struggle was as the parting of body and soul.

CHAPTER XV.

At the beginning of the new year Nell Wyvill and Douglas Scott were quietly married—indeed almost as quietly as Molly and Jack had been. They had no guests except Nell's nearest relatives, and the only bridesmaids were Graham Falconer and Nell's sister Conny. Nell, who was always of a practical turn, said bluntly:

"What is the use of spending a small fortune over our wedding, when we are going to follow the drum?"

They arranged to go for their honeymoon into the South of France, and it was possible that their wanderings might extend into Italy. The latter tour was however to depend on the state of their finances.

On the day after the wedding Mrs. Wyvill, with Graham and Conny, went to Ordmore.

Graham, being now of age, felt herself bound to remain during six months of the year amongst her own people. She had had the place entirely renovated whilst they were in London, and the many curiosities and articles of *virtu* which she had collected during her foreign tour were sent thither and placed in various parts of the house. A month passed away very quietly, for during that time the Fairlies, who were the nearest family to Ordmore, were visiting in the South of England. One morning however Mrs. Wyvill received an invitation for herself and her niece to the house of an old friend in Edinburgh. Graham declined at once.

"You and Conny can go, auntie. I don't care about it at all. I shall be quite happy here, and Dorothy will be back to-morrow; if I am at all dull I will go over there."

The next day therefore Mrs. Wyvill and Conny departed, leaving Graham alone in her domain. She got through the day without suffering from *ennui*, and on the following morning, just before luncheon time, Lady Fairlie with her year-old baby arrived.

She wanted very much to carry Graham off to Linley there and then, but her cousin put her off by saying that she would think about it; adding—

"I had a letter from Nell a few days ago."

"Yes," returned Dorothy; "and where are they now?"

"She wrote from Nice; but they were thinking of going on to Monaco the next day. She seems to be as happy as possible."

"Dear Nell!" murmured Dorothy; then, after a pause—"What do you think? Mother and the twins are coming up to see me."

"No? How delighted the twins will be! How old are they now?"

"Nearly sixteen."

"I thought they must be about that. Adele is very pretty."

"Yes. I expect she will do great things in a year or two. You see, with two sisters well married, she will have good opportunities."

They chatted on about such subjects, and Graham made much of the baby; and presently Dorothy declared she must be going.

"It will be quite dark when I get back, and Gore will be so uneasy if I am not at home when he returns. The meet is at Holme Chase to-day, so he will be very tired. Now, Graham, you will come to-morrow?"

"I don't know. The fact is I have found some old coins and old china in one of the lumber rooms, and I want to get them cleaned and arranged before aunt Grace and Conny return. Some of the china is very valuable."

"Ah, never mind such old rubbish!" pleaded Dorothy. "Do come. Why, Graham, you a regular *virtuosa*. I believe you would give your ears for a bit of real crown Derby!"

"Crown Derby is not very wonderful," said Graham gravely. "I have several sets which I value much more."

Dorothy laughed.

"Well, good-bye; you see this young gentleman takes the place of old china with me."

And with another bright laugh she was driven away. Graham stood on the steps watching the carriage until it rolled over the bridge and was lost to sight, then she turned away with an impatient sigh, and went to the window of her boudoir, where she stood toying with the cord of the blind, perhaps more utterly sad than she had been before.

She glanced disconsolately at the costly fittings of this her especial room—at the rare porcelain of Sevres and Dresden workmanship—at the quaint grotesque treasures brought from China and Japan—at the cabinets of scented Indian woods, as fragrant as they were valuable—at the priceless old oaken tables, heirlooms in the Falconer family—at the huge Venetian mirrors and girandoles—at the rich velvet and filmy lace curtains—at the variety of cosy lounging chairs—at the soft furs and Persian rugs disposed here and there over the polished oaken floor—at the dainty hothouse flowers with which every corner of the room was filled, and the wood fire blazing on the open hearth. She turned from these to the great pier-glass between the windows, and surveyed herself critically. It was a fair picture that presented itself to her gaze. Her close fitting dress of black velvet, with square collar, and deep cuffs of rarest old point lace reaching to the elbow, set off her clear transparent skin and shining coils of golden hair to perfection. She was undoubtedly a very beautiful woman, with her delicate high-bred face and graceful figure; but she turned from the glass with a groan, and clasped her hands with a passionate gesture of misery.

"Oh, good Heaven!" she murmured; "was ever woman so wretched as I? Only one-and-twenty—how shall I live through all the bitter years to come?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* * *

THE COLONEL'S MISGIVINGS.

BY S. P.

Colonel Francis Chester stood in moody silence before the fire which lit up the old hall at Chester Royal. He was about thirty-five years of age, tall and strong of limb, with straight, good features, and flashing, black eyes. He ought to have been a happy man. This old hall and fine estate were all his own, his lineage was good, and assuredly of all the Chesters who had ruled at Chester-Royal, Francis was the proudest and most highly honored of them. As a soldier, he was counted one of the most efficient in the service; his regiment—the scarlet Lancers—was one of the best managed in the army; his officers loved him; and his superiors held him up as a pattern to be safely followed. His men would go—and many of them had gone—through fire and water for him.

It was told to him during the Mutiny—that terrible year when so many of our nearest and dearest perished in the far East—that one of his soldiers had been heard to say, "Cornet Chester never tells us to 'Go on;' he always cries 'Come on!'" Now that he commands his regiment, his men has the same faith in him still.

And yet Francis Chester did not look happy. He was not happy.

He was dressed for dinner, and rapidly the hands of the clock neared the hour of seven that New Year's Eve. Frank thought of the old year with feeling in which joy and pain were strangely mingled. To the one that was coming, he looked forward with a shudder of dread.

As he stood twisting his long moustache, with strong, brown fingers, the "clic-clic" of high heels on the *parquesterie* floor of the gallery which ran round three sides of the hall, roused him from his reverie. He glanced upwards; his face flushed, then grew as suddenly pale; his eyes brightened, then sank to the fire again, their flashing brilliancy dimmed by hot, regretful tears. The unknowing cause of this emotion came down stairs and stood beside him—a wee, fragile little girl of seventeen, dressed in violet velvet, with swansdown trimmings, a costume which set off her fair, regular profile and long flaxen curls to perfection. Her name was Nellie Drummond, and she was Colonel Chester's ward. Her father and he had been comrades and inseparable friends, though Major Drummond was ten years Frank Chester's senior. Nelly lived with Mrs. Grahame, Frank's sister, who was at present doing the honors of his house. Mr. Grahame was a barrister of great renown, and had come with his whole family on a visit to his brother-in-law.

Nelly came to Colonel Chester's side, and put out her pretty white hands to the warm blaze.

"How cold it is, Colonel Chester!" she said, shyly.

"Very!" he answered. "Have you been taking care of yourself, and keeping out of drafts, my dear? I almost feared that damp church for you! They had been re-arranging the decorations for a festival."

"I did not stay very long. Mrs. Grahame saw me shiver, and sent me home. At least, I went round to the station for her."

"Did Derrick Valentine go with you?"

He spoke with an effort. He thought her shy constraint was cold dislike, and made his tone as fatherly as possible.

"Yes."

"And did you enjoy your walk?"

"It was very cold," she answered, evasively, the hot blood flooding her fair face and throat.

Frank's heart was throbbing in agony. The veins stood out like thick cords upon his temples. Yet he forced himself to go on.

"I suppose he has been telling you the old story, Nelly. He asked my consent this morning. I said I must leave it to you. And now, child, am I to wish you every happiness?"

A footfall above warned them of intruders, and Nelly escaped in the deserted morning-room, leaving Frank with a dull pain at his heart, that told him the worst had come.

Poor Frank did not eat much dinner that evening. How could he, with Nelly and Derrick Valentine close beside him? He thought they did not look very happy; and that, had he been engaged to Nelly, he would not have been so red and uncomfortable as Derrick Valentine certainly was. Engaged to Nelly! Ah! the very thought sent the blood leaping and thrilling through his veins, only to bring the bare truth back to him in all its hideousness, that Nelly Drummond must never be anything more to him than his ward; that in a few months she would be married to his subaltern, and he would have the pain of seeing her daily. Ah! well; it would soon be over. Never must he dream of her again as he had done so often of late, standing by his side, flushing under the cloudy bridal veil; wandering in golden honeymoon days, through Alpine splendors, and still Italian cities: watching her amazement at gay Parisian life, and brilliant German spas; coming home, a tender, happy wife, to Chester-Royal; arranging balls and parties; turning out the wardrobes of his ancestresses in quest of theatrical costumes; filling the old house with light and life; taking her place as lady of the regiment; returning with him on dark November evenings from the hunting field; coming to meet him on his return from the barracks; fastening his precious cross "For Valor" on his tunic, sitting beside him in the church; lying in the dim twilight, with a baby on her bosom—his child! No! never any more. Ah! how pretty she was! What tender, caressing ways she had! But they were for another, and Francis Chester must live out alone the life given him!

When the ladies left the table, Colonel Chester rose to open the door. Nelly cast a piteous glance at him. "Your head aches?" she asked, inquiringly."

"A little," he answered, trying to smile. If he had spoken truly, he would have told her that it was more heartache than headache that ailed him.

In a very short time, the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room. Frank, however, went up to his own room before doing so. As he passed the great bay window in the gallery, he caught a glimpse of a velvet skirt, while the unmistakable sound of a sob fell upon his ear. He pushed aside the curtains which shrouded the recess, and saw little Nellie in deepest distress.

"My child," he said, sitting down on the broad window-seat beside her, "why these tears? You who should be so happy!"

"Oh, no, no!" she sobbed.

"No?" cried he. "Not happy in Derrick Valentine's love? He loves you very much, Nelly!"

"I know!" she whispered.

"And does not that make you happy?" She nodded her head.

"Then why have you engaged yourself to him?" asked Frank, in astonishment.

"I have not!" she said, half indignantly. "I told him this afternoon I could not; that I——"

"Liked someone else better," said he, finishing her sentence for her.

Nelly did not answer; only her pretty blonde head drooped lower and lower against his shoulder.

"Who is it Nelly? Someone we do not know of, my sister said. Not tell me, child?"

"I cannot tell you!" she cried, passionately.

"Cannot tell me?" How strangely dull and unseeing Colonel Chester was becoming! "Is it possible there can be any secret where you are concerned? Oh, Nelly, Nelly, I would rather you died than such should be! Recall your decision and let me send Derrick to you. He loves you, and your affection will grow for him!"

Nelly had risen as he spoke. "Colonel Chester," she cried, her face white, her large blue eyes dark with pain, "you are cruel to me—cruel, cruel are you! Am I so great a drag upon you that you give me to a man I do not, can never love?"

Here she left off abruptly; and, turning, fled away down the corridor to her own apartment.

Colonel Chester's headache and heartache had alike vanished. As he went down the gallery, his only sensation was that of intense happiness. "What courage she has!" thought he. "How she blazed up; and how like poor Drummond she looked; and how nicely she let the cat out of the bag, dear little girl!" And then Frank wandered away into the old dreamland, which, two hours back, he had renounced for ever.

When Nelly descended into the drawing-room, Colonel Chester was talking to his sister by the piano. She came gently in, and sat down on a low fauteuil near the conservatory door. She sat looking down the long room, fanning herself with a huge fan, whose scented movements lifted the fair curls and fluttered the soft swansdown trimmings of her dress. But all her little airs and graces could not hide from Mrs. Grahame's quick observation the fact that she was as pale as death, and trembling from head to foot.

"What is the matter, Nelly?" she asked, coming across the room.

"Nothing."

"But you look as though you were going to faint; and you have been crying!"

Nelly flushed crimson.

"I'm all right, aunty" (she sometimes called her "aunty,") "I had a fright upstairs. Please don't take any notice." And Mrs. Grahame, fully believing in the legends and traditions of the old house, went on her way quite sure that Nelly had seen a ghost.

A few moments after, a man-servant came to Nelly.

"Colonel Chester wishes you to go to him in the library, Miss Drummond," he said.

"Say I am very sorry I cannot come," she answered decisively, at the same time beckoning a young man to her side.

When Frank returned to the room, he found Nelly occupied with a decided flirtation, though she was still pale as death. She would not look at him, nor show by the least sign that she knew he was in the room. Presently she was asked to sing, and rose at once, too proud to show by refusal how she was suffering. Someone asked for "Marguerite," and she began it. She knew Frank was standing beside her. She could see his strong, brown hand, with its heavy signet ring resting on the piano. She sang the song splendidly. At the words—

> "Oh, Marguerite, I think I know,
> I feel he loves me too;
> But if, alas! it be not so,
> I prithee tell me true."

her voice shook ever so little, and gradually—she wound up to the last, with a thrilling, prolonged note.

A burst of applause followed, and then came a hush, for Nelly was lying in Colonel Chester's arms, in a dead faint.

The next morning Nelly rose whilst the rest of the household was at church. When she was dressed, she went down to the library to fetch a second volume of a novel she was reading. When she opened the door, she saw Colonel Chester sitting at the table, writing. She tried to draw back, but he had seen her, and called out, "Nelly, I want you." Then she came in, looking rather defiant, and very much frightened.

"Are you better this morning?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Why did you not come to me last night, when I sent for you?"

No answer.

"Did you not know what I wanted to say to you?"

"No," in the meekest of small whispers.

"Then why did you not see me?"

"Because I thought you were going to scold me," she answered, looking up her eyes full of tears.

"I scold you, my precious!" murmured Frank, tenderly, "*Reine Blanche*, when I scold you——"

"Don't," said Nelly, "I've been ill, you know, and I'm not to be agitated. If you talk like that, I shall begin to cry. But, Frank, what a pretty name Reine Blanche is! You should hear my name for you."

"What is it?"

"If I tell you, then you will know."

"Of course I shall. Come, tell me."

"Imperative mood," laughed Nelly.

"Shall we make it conditional?" suggested Frank. "You tell me your name for me, and I will tell you one I have for you, which is ten thousand times the loveliest on earth."

"*Mon Brave*," said Nelly, curiosity getting the better of her. "Now for yours!"

"My wife!"

When Colonel Chester and Miss Drummond descended from the heaven which is one degree higher than the sixth, he tried to give her a little good advice.

"Derrick goes to-morrow."

"Poor dear!"

"Now don't you think he would be the better match of the two? He is ten years younger than I am, almost as rich, very much handsomer, and——"

"I am not going to flatter you, Frank, however much you may desire or deserve it; but I should like for you to understand now and for ever that I don't like 'raw material.'"

Colonel and Mrs. Chester are quite a model couple, and about a year after their marriage their happiness was completed by the arrival of a little son and heir. Nelly says he is the loveliest baby that ever was brought into the sublunary sphere, and that he is the exact image of his father. Would you believe that Colonel Chester is conceited enough to take the compliment himself?

* * *

GRAINS OF GOLD.

A friend's frown is better than the smile of a fool.

Do nothing to-day that you will repent of to-morrow.

Envy—Punishing ourselves for being inferior to others.

People often affect to be out of humor, to appear of consequence.

He hath a good judgment who doth not rely entirely upon his own.

Foolhardiness is not seldom the self-disguise of conscious cowardice.

Better a soft heart and an iron hand than an iron heart and a soft hand.

Account him thy friend who desires thy good rather than thy good will.

It is very foolish for people to put themselves to the trouble of being ill-natured.

A brave man is one who is not afraid to wear old clothes until he can afford to buy new.

There is nothing more necessary than to know how we may bear the tedious moments of life.

Do nothing in thy passion; why wilt thou put out upon the sea while the storm is raging?

A man may say a thing twice if he says it better the second time than he was able to the first.

The praises of others may be of use in teaching us not what we are, but what we should be.

Disdain not your inferior, though poor, since he may possibly be much your superior in wisdom.

The practical joker is one who thinks that you are a fool because you don't know he is a knave.

We are more apt to use spectacles to behold other men's faults than looking-glasses to survey our own.

Manly spirit, as it is generally called, is often little else than the froth and foam of hard-mouthed insolence.

There is nothing that sooner overthrows a weak head than the opinion of authority; it is like too strong a liquor in a frail glass.

Definite principles and qualities are realized only when we are placed in definite positions and when we grapple with definite objects.

It is ungenerous to give a person occasion to blush at his own ignorance in one thing, who may perhaps excel us in many others.

In the affairs of life, activity is to be preferred to dignity, and practical energy and dispatch are better than premeditated composure.

Anger—Punishing ourselves for the faults of another, or committing an additional error when we are incensed at our own mistakes.

There is an old superstition that reading gravestones causes a loss of memory. It may well make us forget the things belonging to this world.

Let others act as they please, but do thou act according to the dictates of thy own judgment, and take thou heed of being self-condemned.

Very seldom, except in romance and melodrama, does true love beat cunning, and simplicity make victorious way against worldly success.

Only two sorts of persons are worth being intimate with—those by whom something can be got, and those from whom something may be learned.

Charity is never lost; it may be of no service to those it is bestowed upon, yet it ever does a work of beauty and grace upon the giver's heart.

People run each other down, as though they thought they could make pedestals of their neighbors' characters and look tall by standing on them.

Distrust all those who love you extremely upon a very slight acquaintance and without any visible reason. Be on your guard also against those who confess, as their weaknesses, all the cardinal virtues.

An old man, counselling his son as to getting along in the world, said: "Never be a judge in a matter between two friends when both set their hearts upon a victory, for where friends are the parties, you lose one, whichever wins the day.

* * *

A poor man secured possession, not long since, of a small undeveloped mine about seven miles from Helena, Montana. Although called a mine, it consisted simply of a hole in the ground about ten feet square on the surface, and now about seventy feet deep. During the month of March the mine yielded its owner a profit of $45,000, and at the present time has averaged $2,000 per day. This immense yield of gold was obtained by the most primitive means, the metal being found in rotten quartz, which was dotted and spangled with it in a free state. The implements with which the gold was obtained were simply a lot of heavy stones, with which it was pounded out of the quartz.

* * *

Carrying coals to Newcastle is outdone by exporting beer to Germany, but several large orders have been received by a firm of brewers in New York, and a member of the firm is going to Germany to increase the trade.

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Address, American Pub. Co., Hartford, Conn.

GRIEVING.

BY J. G.

She sat and watched the light of day
Over the blue hills fading slow,
And listened to the wind that wailed
In crooning voice of long ago.

The fire upon the hearth burned dim;
Out came night shadows weird and wild;
And dead leaves swept across the path
Where once the blooming roses smiled.

No word she spake, but silent sat
As white and still as sculptured stone;
The living, breathing world around
A sepulchre had sudden grown,

In which her buried life was laid,
And over-writ this epitaph:
"Alas! how soon man's fondest hopes
Are scattered to the wind as chaff."

The clouds rolled o'er the misty moon;
In gentle sobs the raindrops spoke;
Fell drop by drop the maiden's tears;
And answering sobs the stillness broke.

And through the wakening throbs of pain
She found the living world once more;
But sun and moon and stars had changed,
And shone upon a foreign shore.

Life's river ebbed in turbid waves,
That late had sparkled at her feet.
A jarred note rang through every chord
That until now had sounded sweet.

And in a darkened world her steps
Must wander, till her weary soul,
Through sorrow gaining strength, shall win
For her a fadeless aureole.

◆

THE

NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII. [CONTINUED.]

She looked almost distraught as she spoke. Her eyes gleamed wildly, and her cheeks burned with a wild excitement quite foreign to her gentle nature.

Mrs. Caterham felt almost frightened.

"I hope nothing so unhappy will come of it," she said. "But your ladyship will come down, will you not? There comes the carriage; it is in the bend of the avenue now."

"Yes; I will go down," said Lady Euphemia, rising. "My brother's wife must not lack her welcome. I am here, auntie," as Lady Royston appeared in the corridor, radiant in her trailing dress of *moire*, and lace. "Caterham," she whispered, hurriedly, "not a word to her that I fear anything. She will know it—the world will know it—all too soon."

Mrs. Caterham wondered. She had been startled beyond measure at the tidings the village doctor had brought.

He had recognised the duchess the moment he saw her, and having heard from Mrs. Caterham that the lady her master had married was a blackhaired brunette, she believed, had felt sure there was some blunder and mystery in the matter, and had hurried post haste to tell of his discovery.

Lady Royston met her niece at the door of her dressing room, and congratulated her upon her appearance.

"I never saw you looking better, child," she said. "You have a splendid color, and your eyes shine like stars. You are not going to pull a long face over Lal's marriage, after all."

"Don't talk to me, aunt," said the girl, sharply. "I think I am going mad. Has my brother married Hilda Sforza, the woman he met in Rome, or is this all a hideous dream—a nightmare of horror—from which I shall wake?"

"I'm wide awake, at any rate," Lady Royston said. "Are you crazy, Phemie? Of course it is real. You don't call that a dream, do you?"

She pointed out into the avenue as she spoke, where the carriage was being dragged up, and in another minute it was brought to the door and stopped, with a wild hurrah from the assembled crowd.

The duke jumped out and handed out his bride, and with her hand in his, he turned on the steps and said a few sentences to the people who crowded round. He would see them later in the day, he said, and thanked them in Hilda's name and his own for the welcome they had given him. Then the door was shut, and he presented her to those inside.

"I've played a trick on you, Phemie," he said. "I'll tell you all about it by and by. You know your new sister. She is real flesh and blood, I assure you, and not a ghost. Auntie dear, I'm not so fickle as you must have thought me. This is my darling, of whom you have heard so much—my Hilda, 'who was dead and is alive again, who was lost and is found.'"

Lady Royston folded the bride in her arms with a motherly greeting, and kissed her tenderly.

Hilda looked for the same embrace from Lady Euphemia, but her new sister evaded her somehow, and the caress was not given.

Then her husband presented her to the servants, and she shook hands with Mrs. Caterham.

"It is truly coming home here," she said. "I have very pleasant memories of Castletowers, madam."

And the old housekeeper thought to herself, that whatever the new duchess might have been she was not spoiled by her elevation. She was just as pleasant and gracious now as when she used to visit her as Mrs. Longmore.

Later in the day, Hilda found herself alone with her sister-in-law. It was only for a minute or two, but there was time for a few rapid sentences.

"You are not glad to see me, Lady Euphemia. Will you not bid me welcome to Castletowers?"

Lady Euphemia looked her brother's bride straight in the face, and answered, boldly—

"You are a very wicked woman, Hilda Sforza, and I pray heaven that no judgment may fall on this sorrowful house while it shelters your evil head."

CHAPTER XLIV.

A SKELETON AT THE FEAST.

> Not poppy nor mandragora,
> Nor all the drowsy syrups in the world,
> Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
> Which thou own'dst yesterday.—SHAKESPEARE.

"So it is to be war, is it?" was Hilda's thought, as her sister-in-law swept out of the room after uttering the words. "I did not expect a very warm welcome from her; but what does she mean? I was her dear sister when I read that telegram at Bombay. What does she know? All? Hardly, or I should not be here. Forewarned forearmed they say. If I am to fight for my position, I will do it—to the death, if need be."

Lady Euphemia was very silent at the dinner table, and her brother rallied her on her pallor, which she attributed to headache.

"The excitement is too much for me," she said. "I thought I could have borne it better."

Her headache increased so much that she was obliged to leave the table before the cloth was removed and retire to her own room.

"If I am to appear in the evening," she said, "you must excuse me. I shall be better then. No, thank you, auntie; I shall be better quite by myself. Don't let them disturb me, please."

Lady Royston would have followed her, but she waved her back, and passed out of the room without looking at Hilda, whose fair face looked troubled.

"Lionel dear, I am not welcome," she said, with quivering lips. "Lady Euphemia will not accept me for her sister."

"Nonsense, darling," he replied. "Phemie is startled, and a little upset. I forgot how very sensitive her nerves are when I consented to keep our little secret. Don't fancy she will not love you as she loves me."

"I'm not fanciful, Lal. I know she will not."

"And what makes your grace think such a thing?" asked Lady Royston. "Phemie's a loving, gentle creature, and could not be spiteful to any living thing."

They were dining *en famille*, Hilda having pleaded for that much of rest before the evening festivities, so Lady Royston, who was wont, as she said, to speak her mind, could say what she listed.

"'My grace' has good reason for thinking it," Hilda replied, with a winning smile. "Pray don't give me any title, dear lady, or I shall think you feel the same as my sister does. Lady Euphemia herself told me."

"Told you you were not welcome here in Castletowers!" said the duke, in utter amazement.

"Just so, my lord."

"But when? Where? Whatever made her say such a thing? You are mistaken somehow, my darling."

"I don't think there could be much mistake in what Lady Euphemia said," Hilda replied, quietly. "She said I was a very wicked woman, and she prayed that my presence here might not bring down a judgment upon you, Lionel, and your ancient house. It was a sorry welcome home, was it not?"

And the blue eyes brimmed over with tears, which fell in heavy drops down her pale cheeks.

"Phemie must answer to me for this," said the duke, sternly. "Unless she is startled out of her senses by your resuscitation, I cannot account for such words. Wicked! You!"

"I suppose it was wicked to come to life again after every one fancied that I was dead. It makes me almost wish the death had been real."

"My darling, don't say that," the duke said; and then, sternly turning to Lady Royston, he rose from the table. "Have I to thank you for this?" he asked, in a more angry tone than she had ever heard him use before. "Is it from any teaching of yours that my sister insulted my wife in the first hour of her coming home? If I thought——"

"Good gracious, no!" exclaimed Lady Royston, aghast. "Don't get in a rage with me, Lal. I think Phemie must be mad. Up to the time you came home I never heard her express any objection to your bride, or say one word against her. She's fanciful and nervous, as you know, and has been so ever since——"

"Since when?"

"Since the time you know of when we were staying down here—since she began to have mysteries and secrets, and mix herself up with that farmer man."

"Your ladyship is a little obscure. What farmer man? Any of my tenantry?"

"No; Caterham's son. They have a secret between them. I don't know what it is, and Phemie is as mysterious as can be about it. I have fancied lately that it was something about her grace here, for the other day she told me she did not believe she was dead, and thought we should see her again some time."

"Still, that does not account for her strange conduct. I shall look to your ladyship to bring her to her senses."

"If I can. Phemie is wilful. I hope the duchess will forgive her."

"Perhaps it is natural," Hilda said sweetly. "She has been mistress here so long, you know. I might have felt the same; but I am not wicked, and a thing to be avoided, surely, because Lal loves me, and has brought me here."

"To be sure not," said Lady Royston, kissing her. "I'll bring Phemie to her senses, never fear, and she'd be sorry for any hasty words she has used. Don't let it mar your evening's pleasure, my dear. Depend upon it, it is only a fit of temper—though I never knew her to give way to temper like that before," the good lady added to herself, as she went to her own room. "There's something more in it than I know of. Pray heaven Phemie may not be right."

Hilda appeared at the evening dance in the hall, radiant and lovely, and turned every one's head by her simple grace, and the beauty of herself and her toilet. She had a kind word for every one, and one and all felt that there would be a gracious mistress at Castletowers, and a kindly heart at the head of affairs there, who would feel for and with her poorer neighbors, and redress many a grievance with a firm and gentle hand.

The servants were one and all charmed with their new mistress. Some of them knew her, more did not, but the feeling was universal that her sway would be a gentle one, and life at the Castle pleasant and agreeable now that there was once more a mistress.

Lady Euphemia Breakspeare appeared at the ball late in the evening. She entered on the arm of Lady Royston, looking very pretty in a dress of pale amber silk with white flowers. Her pallor was accounted for by the headache which had forced her to leave the dinner-table, and most of the guests—tenants and their wives, with a sprinkling of county gentry—thought her distrait manner and evident depression arose from the fact of seeing her place thus usurped by a stranger.

Lady Royston had found her room empty when she went to seek her, and her maid quite ignorant of where her young mistress had gone to.

"She's out, my lady," she said.

"Out!"

"Yes, my lady."

"But where did she go? Is she alone?"

"I believe so, my lady. She put on her gray travelling costume and a thick veil, and said her head ached, so she should go into the gardens—the remote ones, where no one is admitted to-day. She bade me remain here."

"And how long ago is that?"

"About two hours, my lady."

Lady Royston started. Her niece must have gone out directly she left the dining-room. Could it be possible she had gone away altogether? While she was thinking what was best to do, Lady Euphemia returned, and relieved her mind considerably.

"What have you been doing to yourself, child?" she asked, as she saw the white face and sunken eyes of her niece. "Are you ill?"

"I believe I am. Don't scold me auntie—I feel as though I were going mad!"

"You are past my comprehension, Phemie, with your mysteries and your vagaries. What on earth made you say what you did to Lal's wife? She told him at dinner time, and a pretty way he's in, I can tell you. He's done nothing but kiss her ever since, and says he shall hold me responsible for your crazy words. Unless you are crazy, I don't know what you can have been thinking about."

"Perhaps I am crazy, auntie," said the girl, sadly. "Perhaps all that I am suffering is only some hideous dream. I wish it were—it would be better for us all. Bear with me but for a little while—only a few days more, maybe—and the end will come."

"The end of what, child, in goodness' name?"

"The end of everything, I think," was the weary reply. "You will understand then—you will know what I have had to bear, and that I was not wrong. I was unwise—mad, maybe—to speak as I did; but I could not help it when I thought of Lal's wasted and broken life."

"Wasted! Why he's only at the very beginning of his life, you silly child. Call in your maid, and get dressed and come down; if you have any quarrel with the duchess you mustn't air it before people."

And with her maid's assistance and Lady Royston's, Lady Euphemia dressed and went down. She did not go near the duchess, who, indeed, was so occupied with her friends and admirers as to make the omission not at all remarkable.

Lady Euphemia had been out, but she had been a great way farther than the gardens. She had gone to her own room and bade her maid send Lizzie Pearce to her. That damsel arrived with a very pale face, and a curious, scared look, that Lady Euphemia remarked in an instant.

"Lizzie," she said, "you know all."

The girl burst into terrified tears.

"Oh, my lady, my lady," she sobbed, "what is to be done?"

"I must think. If you knew, why did you come here?—why did you not speak?"

"I did not know till too late. I had no idea where her grace that is now was, until——"

"Until she sent you the money that you said came from your brother. I understand, Lizzie Pearce. You should have put half the world between this house and you before you came here."

"I thought I could warn her, my lady—help her maybe, if I saw any signs of danger coming near her. She could not know, poor lady—how could she?—that——"

"I see you don't know everything," said Lady Euphemia, "or you would have no pity for her. You only knew she was alive—not what she has done."

"I didn't know of her having 'done' anything, my lady. I did know she was alive when they thought her dead. I know nothing more, except that I was in Mr. Caterham's house all the time that Mr. Denham was there. I was obliged to be let into the secret then—missis had no one else that she could quite trust with it."

"Go and find out for me where Mr. Caterham is now. And, Lizzie."

"Yes, my lady."

"Keep silence about this for to-day, at least—for my—for brother's sake—my poor brother!"

There was a world of sadness in her tone, but no tears came from her stony eyes.

"I don't want to say a word," the girl replied. "I wish I could do something to help her grace—she was always good to me."

"I can think only of my brother in the matter, Lizzie. Go and find Mr. Caterham for me—I must see him at once."

Lizzie went, and presently returned with the information that Mr. and Mrs. Caterham had gone home to the Hollow to prepare for the evening's festivities, and thither, attired in a gray dress, which was not conspicuous, Lady Euphemia followed them.

George Caterham had dressed, and was standing before the fire in the little drawing-room, waiting for Grizel, who was arraying herself in the finery her soul delighted in. He had fallen into a brown study anent the arrival of the duchess.

"It's an awful muddle if what I think is the truth," he thought to himself. "What can be done to clear it?"

The servant threw open the door and announced "a lady," and he turned, to see Lady Euphemia standing before him.

"My lady!" he exclaimed, "you here?"

"Yes," she gasped. "Have you seen her? Do you know?"

"I know something and fear more. What is to be done?"

"You know where *he* is, Mark Douglas, the owner of this place."

"On his way home—about Suez by now, I expect."

"He must be stopped; he must be warned. He must not come here without preparation! Oh, what have the Breakspeares done that such an awful curse should come upon us?"

He saw that her agitation was overmastering her completely, and he made her sit down and take a glass of wine.

"Trust to me to do all I can," he said. "I had my suspicions when I heard of Mr. Douglas's tenacity about the Hollow here; but I never dreamed of the full extent of the calamity till I saw the blue eyes and golden hair I remembered so well by your brother's side in the carriage this morning."

"But what will you do? What can you do?"

"Very little can be done, my dear lady. Nothing can undo the mischief now, but your brother's feelings may perhaps be spared a little. The whole country need not be made *au fait* of the history of what must inevitably happen."

"Oh, if Lionel had not kept the secret so fatally well, it might have been stopped."

"Her grace had her reasons, doubtless," George Caterham replied. "The secret is yours and mine, Lady Euphemia; will you trust me to help you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then get back—avert suspicion of anything wrong in any way if possible, and I will meet Mr. Douglas when he comes. No one shall see him before me, be sure of it, and I will try and prevent what must ensue were he to come here suddenly and unprepared."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE DUMB MAN'S SECRET.

> Speak to me as to thy thinkings,
> As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
> The worst of words.—SHAKESPEARE.

Jem Bragg and his brother returned to Stafford after their interview with Sarah Wills, well content with the result of their journey. They had learned all that they wanted about the coat, and they knew that, however Bracy Burgoyne came to his death, the tombstone in Kensal Green was a lie—that his ashes did not rest there.

"We've got hold of a secret, Mat, as will make our fortunes," Jem said to his brother, "if ever we can find that fair-haired woman again. Shall we ever find her, do you think?"

Matthew was of the opinion that, unless she was dead, they should. He felt sure that her proceedings and motives would come to light some day, and when they did, they should see her.

"Aye, but too late, maybe," Jem said.

"We must keep a sharp look out," Matthew replied, and, without knowing it almost, they did.

The dumb man felt sure that it would be in Stafford or the neighborhood that they would see her.

"She's sure to come back some time," he said. "She couldn't help it; she'll be drawn here by her fate—we've only got to wait."

Matthew Bragg found employment about the railway as a lamp cleaner and odd man generally. Mrs. Ovendean spoke of Jem's good character and of Matthew's respectful demeanor when he came to see his brother, and he was taken on. He could hear perfectly, though he could not speak, and, as the overseer said, "there could be no cheek when a man was dumb."

He was giving every satisfaction, and came now and then to smoke a pipe with Jem after work was done.

One day he brought the information that a special train was coming down from London with the Duke and Duchess of Castletowers, who were going home.

"They'll go right by here about two o'clock," he said, "in a carriage with four grays. Look out for 'em."

And Jem informed his mistress, and the whole household looked out to see the fairhaired duchess go by. Mrs. Ovendean gave a little scream as she caught sight of the little figure, all dressed in blue and white.

"Lor, if it ain't that lady that stayed here one night," she said. "What was her name again—the woman that you said you met driving on the Manchester road when she was fast asleep upstairs—you remember?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

◆

Insurance and Assurance.

Solomon Keenbriar and his nephew, Ralph, dropped down upon the people of Scuffliscruff as if from the clouds, and immediately took the rank due to their seemingly celestial origin.

Spinsters who acknowledged to thirty or upwards, set their caps for the uncle, whilst those who acknowledged nothing, chronologically speaking, turned their attention to the nephew.

The Keenbriars took a house, which they kept in approved bachelor style. Scufflescruff was a cheap place to live in, but the uncle and nephew must have had money, even there, to hold up their heads as they did.

I was a young lawyer, sitting in my office, when one day the elder and younger Keenbriar entered.

"Mr. McJorkle," said Keenbriar, senior, "we have called to consult you upon an important legal question."

"Ah?" I answered.

"I wish to insure my nephew's life. Can I do so?" he asked.

"Have you an insurable interest?" I inquired.

The pair exchanged glances.

"What do you mean?" inquired the uncle.

"Does your nephew owe you anything?" I replied.

There was another quick exchange of glances.

"He does," said Mr. Keenbriar, beaming kindly at his nephew, who cast down his eyes and blushed. "Of course, I intend to leave him everything; but should I outlive him, which is not very likely, I might as well have what is due me out of some good company."

"There is no doubt of your right to insure under the circumstances," I answered. "How much does your nephew owe you?"

"Ten thousand dollars," said the old gentleman.

And the nephew nodded.

I advised that the insurance be effected in the Wigglesworth company, which was the best I knew, and it was done accordingly.

Ralph Keenbriar was then thirty years old, and at that age, according to the tables, a man has eleven years and six hundred and eighty-two thousandths of a year to live—not that any man ever did live exactly that length of time after reaching thirty; but that is the fine point down to which the insurance companies have figured it, and if one dies before or after his time comes, it isn't their fault.

Now, it wasn't three months after young Keenbriar's life was insured, till he went out trouting one day on a neighboring lake. He didn't return, but the boat was found upset, and his hat floating in the water.

For days and days they dragged the lake. At last the body was found. The features were past recognition, but the garments were those Ralph was known to have worn, and papers in the pockets of the corpse left no doubt whatever as to its identity.

I don't think I ever had so sorrowful a client as Mr. Keenbriar the day he placed in my hands, for collection, the policy on his nephew's life.

"Mr.—Mr. McJorkle," he sobbed, "pl—please see to this. Poor Ralph!" he faltered, turning away his head; "I cannot bear to think of it."

I came as near weeping as a lawyer can—when not before a jury—over a pure matter of business.

I took the paper, put in the preliminary proofs and notice, but the company, as usual, was obdurately sceptical, and declined to pay.

I sued. They defended; and on the trial attempted to prove that the body was a trifle shorter than the recorded measurement of Dick Cabbage, the tailor, who had made poor Ralph's last suit. But the other evidence was so strong that the jury after making due allowance for shrinkage, deemed the variance immaterial, and gave a verdict for the plaintiff.

Without interrupting the current of my story, I could not well bring in till now the fact that Mr. Keenbriar, a few days after the issuing of the policy, got me to draft his will, leaving all of which he might die possessed to his "beloved nephew Ralph."

Ralph, you see, by consulting the tables, being only thirty, while his uncle was sixty, had just three years and eight hundred and sixty-two thousandths longer to live than the latter—a very good reason for making a will in favor of the nephew. I took it as a great compliment that Mr. Keenbriar named me his sole executor.

Solomon Keenbriar's health broke down after his nephew's death, and within a year he, too, was gathered to his fathers in spite of the figures in the table. I was surprised to find his will unaltered, seeing that the sole legatee had died before the testator; but a glance at the condition of the estate put an end to my astonishment. Mr. Keenbriar's assets turned out to be so nearly nothing, that it was plain he had not thought it worth the trouble to make another will.

Through an advertisement of a foreign paper, I was put upon the track of a large estate left by a millionaire, who had died shortly before Solomon Keenbriar, and of whom the latter, though but a distant relative, proved to be the next of kin. This fortune, of course, came into my hands as executor, and would now have belonged to the drowned nephew had he still survived. As it was, I could only publish notice that the heirs-at-law of Solomon Keenbriar, by calling at my address, "would hear of something to their advantage."

I was detained at my office till a late hour one night. I had sent away the boy, and was seated alone at my desk, when a stranger entered and stood unexpectedly before me.

I had never believed much in ghosts, but when I found myself face to face with the dead and gone Ralph Keenbriar, whose death had been irrevocably established by the verdict of a jury, I started in amazement!

"Good evening, Mr. McJorkle," said the apparition, not in the least disconcerted.

"Good evening," I managed to answer, faintly.

"I see by the papers that my uncle is dead."

"And so I supposed you were," I replied.

"Not quite," cheerily returned the visitor.

"But I proved it to the jury," I remarked.

"More fools they."

"And the body found?"

"It was bought from a resurrectionist, dressed in my clothes, and sunk in the lake by filling the pockets with sand."

"So the whole arrangement was an infamous fraud!" I exclaimed, in profound disgust.

The answer was simply a shrug and a chuckle.

"I need scarcely inquire the object of your visit," I added.

"Of course not—it is to demand the money in your hands."

For a moment I hesitated. Should I call a policeman and hand the scoundrel over to justice, or stand loyally to the obligations between a lawyer and his client? The doubt lasted but an instant.

"You shall have the money," I answered. "But it must be on one condition."

"And that is——"

"That you leave sufficient in my hands to reimburse the insurance company for the sum of which it was defrauded."

After a little demurring the proposition was accepted.

I never saw Ralph Keenbriar again, and the next day the Wigglesworth insurance company mysteriously received ten thousand dollars, with arrears of interest, deducting the premium paid, to be credited as "conscience money."

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THE LADIES' CLUB IN LONDON.

This novel and progressive experiment in social life, a mixed club for ladies and gentlemen, opened its doors on May 1, and the long talked-of-project may now be characterized as a *fait accompli*. The private view day was much crowded by intending members and visitors, and the charmingly decorated premises were *en fete*, to the evident admiration of all beholders. The lofty and spacious rooms dedicated to the use of the ladies are on the ground floor, a great boon to tired and weary wanderers, who will only be obliged to mount upstairs in case of requiring a private dining-room. The entrance hall is decorated in Pompeian red, pancelled, with a dado and frieze in the same style. Facing the incoming visitor are the stairs to the gentlemen's wing and the private dining-rooms, and the vestibule leading to the ladies' suite of rooms. These consist of a reading room of large dimensions, card and chess room, drawing-room for ladies only, dining-room, and the usual cloak and dressing rooms. The reading and writing room is decorated in sage-green, the design on the walls being clusters of daisies, with "Marguerite, elle est si douce" inscribed under each. The frieze represents a Greek procession on a gold ground, and the dado a series of up standing St. John's lilies. The low tone of coloring throughout this apartment is delightfully soothing to the eye, and most suitable to the tranquil pursuits to which it is dedicated. It is lighted, like all the other rooms, from above, the ceiling being a domed one. All the periodicals seemed represented in this apartment, and the newest books, the club writing paper being peculiarly pretty in design. The next room, with walls in pale eau de Nil, is intended as a boudoir, or perhaps a card room, and forms an anteroom to the drawing-room. On this beautiful apartment the whole skill of the clever decorator has been lavished, and it may be fairly considered unique. It is decorated in Japanese style, the prevailing tones of color being blue. The dado is of matting, checked in squares of red. Above it, all round the room, are a series of Japanese pictures on rice paper, each framed in bamboo. The wall panels of blue have each a Japanese lady, framed in bamboo, in their respective centres. Bamboo mouldings with gilt bands form patterns over the walls on the dado and on the doors; the last-named having panels in gold and black lacquer. The chandeliers are Chinese lanterns, with hanging parti-colored woolen tassels depending from them. The brass dogs on either side in the fireplace represent two large sunflowers, beautifully modelled. The covering of the furniture throughout all the rooms is of cretonne, which has a black ground, and a gold-colored arabesque design. The carpets are also in the same style, with some flecks of bright colors introduced into the foliage. The dining-room leading from it is in the Pompeian taste; the red wall are panelled, and the dado black, with relieving lines of peacock-blue.

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ARDENT LOVER:—We do not think you should remit your attentions to the girl simply because her father kicked you out. Go to the old man and say frankly that if he repeats the action you shall regard it as an insult. It was surely unladylike for the young woman to hop upon a chair and shout, "Go in dad! give 'im a h'ister! he's been loafing around here long enough." But probably it was an excess of feeling. A plate of ice cream and two spoons will make it all right again.

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Signs of a short life—A reckless use of coal-oil in relation to kitchen fires.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

CORN SUGAR.—Sugar is made from Indian corn at a factory in Davenport, Iowa. The product somewhat resembles maple sugar, and sells readily in the neighborhood.

THE METAL GALLIUM.—At the French Academy of Science recently was exhibited a bar, a sheet, and several crystals of the new metal gallium, which is harder than iron, yet melts under the heat of the finger, its freezing-point being at about thirty degrees. It is proposed to use it for a thermometer going up to red-heat.

WALKING UPON THE WATER.—It is stated that one H. Dussault lately accomplished the feat of walking upon water at Taunton, Mass. He walked a quarter of a mile on Taunton river in six minutes. He wears a pair of patent shoes made of tin, about one foot wide and three feet long, in which air is confined, and he makes his way in a kind of a skating gait.

PURE PETROLEUM.—A recent Pennsylvania discovery is a deposit of oil which exhibits none of the impurities of petroleum when it comes from the ground, but, on the contrary, spouts from the sand in a refined condition. The oil comes from the well in a pale green transparent fluid, and can be used in lamps at once. It gives a brilliant light, with no smoke or odor, and stands a fire test of 110°, a lighted match being thrown into a vessel containing the oil failing to ignite it. It deposits very little sediment.

SHORTSIGHTEDNESS.—Professor H. W. Williams made some sensible suggestions in a late lecture at Harvard. He said that when one is using the eye in reading it is well to stop frequently and look at distant objects, as the rays of light coming from such objects are very nearly parallel, and the eye is rested by the change. Stooping positions while reading must be avoided, especially by shortsighted persons, as there is great danger of the blood causing too much pressure on the retina and causing serious difficulties there.

A MOUTH TELEGRAPH.—There recently has been communicated to the French Academy a description of a new telegraphic apparatus, to be worked by the mouth. The manipulator consists in two plates of ivory, from one of which leads the conducting wire, and from the other the ground wire. These plates are placed between the lips, and the operator talks or so moves his lips as to make a certain number of breaks and establishments of the current for each word or letter. At the other end of the line is a similar arrangement, the receiver translating the message by the sensation of his tongue.

A NEW EXPLOSIVE.—M. Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, has recently discovered a new explosive substance still more powerful than that. He has given it the name of "explosive gelatine," on account of its aspect, which closely resembles gelatine. The substance is composed of 94 to 95 per cent. of nitro-glycerine, and 5 or 6 per cent. of collodion, mixed together. It is viscid, but can be easily cut with a knife or with scissors, and placed in cartridges or shells. It is inflamed in the same way as dynamite, and its power is at least fifty per cent. greater. Italy and Russia have, it is said, adopted this substance for charging bombs, torgedoes, etc.

FISH HATCHING BY STEAM POWER.—There is a process of hatching shad eggs by machinery, in operation at Havre de Grace, Md., where over eight million shad were hatched last year. The eggs to be hatched are placed in sheet iron cylinders, with wire netting bottoms, and half submerged in the river. The cylinders are suspended from the shaft arms of levers, and given a slow up and down movement by means of shaftings carrying eccentrics acting on the long arms of the levers; the whole is set in motion by a ten-horse power steam engine. The engine and other machinery are carried by a large scow anchored in the stream. The fish so hatched prove hardy, bear transportation well, even as far as California.

BULLET-PROOF SHIELD.—A new English idea is a bullet-proof shield, which is thus described: The shield is of bullet-proof steel, swinging on the axletree of two light wheels, and containing four loop holes. Its entire weight is about one hundred and fifty pounds. Two front-rank men, laying their hands upon the axletree, push it before them, their rifles being placed in a rack in the shield. Then two rear-rank men follow closely, rifle in hand, being protected as well as the front-rank men from direct fire. When the "commence firing" is sounded, the two front-rank men take their rifles from the rack, and, in the old kneeling position, fire through two loopholes in the middle of the shield. The rear-rank men fire through the upper loopholes, and the whole two files being in the position of a double rank firing with "front-rank kneeling.

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FEMININITIES.

Two Michigan girls keep fifty swarms of bees, and sell 11,000 pounds of honey a year.

A woman of Dumferline, Scotland, has just died of drinking strong tea, and another is dying.

The "flirtation train" between Boston and one of its suburbs, is the one on which the schoolgirls ride.

A Boston paper says Lent is the season set apart by the church for the female members to get their dresses ready for Easter.

Woman's extravagance in dress is not a thing to be always scoffed and scolded at. It is said to be slowly but surely breaking up Mormonism.

You may wish to get a wife without a failing, but what if the lady, when you find her, should happen to want a husband of the same character?

Mrs. Van Cott says there will be more women than men in heaven. Mohammed said the same thing, but added that no ugly women went there.

"I'd like to give something to the poor," remarked a Toledo lady. "It's hard times and there must be suffering, but I have got to use this forty dollars to buy another switch."

Nothing convinces a woman so thoroughly of the pitiable ignorance of the public, as when she takes her infant to a baby show and it receives two votes out of a possible two thousand.

An eccentric person who committed suicide in Connecticut recently, left the following notice: "When the devil has time to kill flies with his tail, then will I believe in the love and truth of a woman."

A gentleman asked a wag why so many of the tall gentlemen were old bachelors. The reply was that they were obliged to lie cornerwise in bed in order to keep their feet in, and a wife would be in the way.

A sweet blue-eyed Nevada bride, clad in gossamer tulle, remarked as the clergyman joined her hand with that of her lover: "I'll be golldarned if I don't believe that plaster's strikin' through the back of my dress."

Courtship in Patagonia, South America, is carried on with less ceremony than in this country. There, if a young man is out riding and sees a girl he fancies, he lassoes her and drags her home behind his horse, and that settles it.

An aged man says: "If husbands only had any sense, they'd never have any trouble with disobedient wives. I never did, an' I've been married nigh on to fifty year. I awlus tell my wife to do jest as she pleases, an' she awlus does it."

The young lady inhabitants of the island of Himia, in the Mediterranean, are not allowed to marry until they bring up from the depths of the sea a certain number of sponges. Notwithstanding this sponging business, divers couples are united in indissoluble bonds each week.

Woman-stealing for the Turkish market is a common trade in Circassia. A Turk in Scutari was recently buying two girls, when it occurred to him that perhaps they were stolen. He asked them and they could not understand. An interpreter being brought in, he recognized the girls as his own daughters.

Should your wife appear at the breakfast table in a badly-fitting wrapper, and with hair done up in last evening's paper, do not find fault with her. Think how exquisite she looked at Mrs. Simpson's ball the evening before, in a corn-colored silk trimmed with garnet velvet, and with her hair a paradise of frizzles.

Some crusty Benedict says: There is nothing to exceed the diabolical satisfaction a man will take in announcing to his wife, after he has his shirt on, that a button is missing; and the keen delight he feels in seeing her dance around after a needle and thread while she listens to a lecture on infernal carelessness, approaches ecstasy. But look out when she gets that button on, bites the thread off with a snap, and begins, "There! now——!"

OUR BOYS & GIRLS

LITTLE ANNIE.

BY ALICE.

Little Annie, a red-cheeked, affectionate child of six summers, sat in the door of her home in a quiet New England village, thinking of all the birds' nests within a radius of half a mile or more, that she almost daily visited; for she would, even at this early age, take long walks by herself through field and grove, hunting them, and admiring the pretty eggs within, gathering whole handfuls of violets, buttercups and daisies, for little Annie was left much to herself, to do about as she pleased.

On looking up this warm morning, she observed that the black clouds had gathered for a shower. She thought, "oh, what will my four little birdies do that have just come out of the shell, with no feathers on to keep them dry? I fear the darlings will be drenched."

Quickly she ran up two flights of stairs to the loft, and obtained for herself an old ragged umbrella, big enough for a summer tent, and a little bright red flannel petticoat as a cover for the birds. She then descended quietly, half fearing that her arrangements might be vetoed, and appeared at the door bare-headed and bare-footed, with only a muslin slip, or dress, that reached to her knees. Thus equipped she started. The shower was now doing its best, and so was the tattered umbrella, under which, just visible, two little chubby legs were doing their best, too. Up the hill and down the hill, and up again to a small pine grove, she at length reached the nest, when, to her great surprise, she beheld the four tiny birds, the objects of so much solicitude on her part, all warm and comfortable.

They were the first she had ever seen direct from the shell. The mother-bird had evidently just flown off as little Annie approached, keeping them softly tucked beneath her downy feathers. But in a little while she saw the rain beating in upon the birds, their natural protector having gone, until she could endure it no longer; so, dropping the huge umbrella on the ground, she tenderly and lovingly covered the helpless creatures with the warm red flannel, snugly smoothing it all around the nest; then, forgetting the umbrella, she went, her brown curls all dripping, back to her home, reaching it just as the sun came smilingly out. She sat down in the door again, reflecting that she had tried hard to do right, yet not feeling quite satisfied with her success.

Toward evening, that same day, little Annie again started off to visit the nest, when, lo! no nest, no flannel, no umbrella, or birdies were anywhere to be seen. She stood for a moment with wide open eyes, while an undefinable feeling of guilt stole over her like a dark cloud, for she imagined, as well she might, that some sorrowful fate had befallen them. This time she walked very slowly and thoughtfully homeward.

As she passed the one grocery store of the village, she saw within that old umbrella, and across it lay the damp red flannel, safe. She stood looking at them earnestly, wishing from the bottom of her heart the poor, pitiful, featherless, rain-pelted little birdies were safe, too. The tears would not stay back, but kept rolling down her pretty red cheeks faster and faster as she incidentally learned that some rough boys, attracted by the bright flannel, had taken the birds, and at that very moment were using their little tender bills for tooth-picks.

The good-natured grocer, thinking that she had lost her store-book, bade her not cry, and asked her if it was raisins that she wanted, as she was sometimes sent there for them.

Little Annie's assenting nod was accompanied by a faint, "yeth thir;" so the raisins were done up safely, and she took them straight to her mother, telling her that the grocer kindly asked her if she wanted the raisins, and that she truthfully answered "yes."

For a punishment, her busy mother gave her little hand, then outstretched for some of the fruit, a sharp smack, informing her that she was to be deprived of the handful that was usually given her when sent by her mother for them.

Everything had seemed to go wrong that day with little Annie, so she turned round with a weary sigh, and laid herself down in the baby's cradle.

There she lay, with tear-begrimmed cheeks, thinking gloomy thoughts of the poor wee birds, of the displeasure of her dear mother, and last, though perhaps not least, of the loss of the delicious raisins, until she fell into a restless sleep.

When the mother's attention was called, she found her little Annie in the first stages of a fever then prevalent in the village, and, during its height, this usually quiet little girl kept up an incessant talking about her poor wet birdies, of the tiresome umbrella, and of the raisins that she had somehow lost by being naughty; she couldn't tell just how.

Indeed for some days it was quite doubtful whether little Annie would ever again hold out that chubby hand for raisins, or reach out to gather the pretty spring blossoms that lay nestling among the grass, or ever again feel the pelting storms of life either within or without; but this little birdling was not to be torn from its home-nest yet. Ah, no! Full as it was, they could not spare even one.

Little Annie slowly recovered, and the first that she remembered after lying down in baby's cradle, was when she was lifted up tenderly and set in the big rocking-chair, and her mother lovingly laid in her lap several large bunches of raisins.

Silvered now are the little brown curls, and half a century has brought a far-off look in the mild blue eyes, for little Annie is nearing the end of life's journey, expecting anon to hear the voice of her Great Loving Father calling to rest. But though the lesson of benevolence and love towards the little birds had then failed of its result, and the tongue innocent of wrong, erred in the matter of the raisins, neither act was without influence for good in Annie's after life. It was with her as it should be with all: There is often less merit in never making a mistake, than in a willingness to apply its teachings for our better guidance in time to come.

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This is the season when the seductive apple in its coat of green beguiles the small boy into unexpected contortion exercises.

TEARLESS MARIE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY JULIA R. TORREY.

There once lived a rich widow, who had one little daughter, named Marie, whom she cherished as the apple of her eye.

The little maiden was so good, and so beautiful, that it seemed as if she only needed wings to make an angel of her.

But even though she was so good, she caused her nurse many uncomfortable hours; for she was so tender-hearted that whenever she saw any misery or sorrow, in the world, the tears would rush into her eyes, and pour down her round cheeks.

Little Marie would often return from her walk, with streaming eyes, and run with her grief, to her mother, who would reproach the nurse, considering her to blame, for the tears of her child.

After a time the nurse became impatient, under the repeated reproofs of her mistress.

Poor nurse! She did'n't bring trouble into the world, and how was she to prevent a bright child seeing with her eyes, what there was to see?

The question puzzled her, and at last she thought of the old charm-woman, who lived in the woods, just beyond the village, and determined to consult her.

So, one dark night the nurse went to the charm-woman, and related her grievances.

"Oh!" croaked the old woman, "that can easily be prevented. Take a fine, white handkerchief, wash it in the hungry spring, where it flows across the witches' path, in the woods; then let it dry on the limb of the hazel, which droops over the spring. If you will wipe the tears from the child's eyes, with this handkerchief, she will never weep again, until some overwhelming sorrow finds its way into her life."

The nurse thanked the little, old witch for her advice, and prepared the handkerchief, early the next day.

The next time little Marie began to weep bitterly, the nurse wiped the tears from her eyes, with the charmed handkerchief, and the same instant, the child's eyes were completely dry.

But over the beautiful blue eyes, something lay spread, like a dull, gray veil, through which the child's soul seemed to look out, in deep, dull, woe, for she had lost the relief, which tears brings to the sorrowing.

From that day little Marie never wept again; but the tearless grief of her little charge made the nurse feel more uncomfortable than the mother's reproaches had done.

She felt as if she had committed a great sin, in robbing the child of her tears, and very soon left the house of the widow, hoping that when away from the little girl she might be able to forget those tearless eyes.

As Marie grew larger, and went to school, she had many trials to endure.

Because she never wept, when punished, her dry eyes were taken for stubborn ones and so she received more severe punishment, than did the children, who could weep.

The tearless maiden grew into a beautiful young lady, and returned home from school.

Shortly afterward, her mother died, very suddenly.

The daughter knelt at the death-bed, with her heart full of tears, but she could not weep. And when, at the funeral, all the friends and neighbors were weeping around, Maria stood by the coffin alone, with big, dry, eyes, her soul veiled with the crape of a loving daughter's sorrow, and her hands pressed tightly against her aching, grieving heart.

She thought she was passing through the heaviest trouble that could come to her, for she had given her mother the warmest, tenderest love throughout her life.

Yet the people looked upon her as a heartless child, who could not drop one tear on her dead mother's face.

The tearless maiden felt so deeply the loss of her mother, that for a long time she could not bear to see any one. She went nowhere but to the churchyard, where the flowers that bloomed, under her care, on her mother's grave, seemed to tell her of the beauty and gladness of the eternal flower, which they guarded through the rains that fell, and the sunshine that warmed the precious spot.

And Marie would always return home feeling comforted.

After a few years of quiet living, a fine young artist met Marie, painted her portrait, and, at the same time, painted her beautiful face in such indelible colors on his heart, that when the portrait was finished he desired in payment the sweet, live face to brighten and make glad his home.

And so there was a joyful wedding, and many happy days for the two.

At last it occurred to the husband that he had never seen a tear glisten in the eyes of his beautiful, gentle wife.

He tried to bring them forth one day by speaking to her harshly and angrily.

She looked upon him, in his anger, very sorrowfully, through the dull, gray veil that no tears could penetrate.

"You feel my anger very little!" he exclaimed, in irritated tones, "why do your eyes never soften with tears? Is is because your heart is cold in its depths?"

She sorrowfully answered:

"Oh! I might many times easily weep, but I have no tears. When I was a little girl I could weep my sorrows away; but my eyes suddenly became dry, and I have never been able to weep since."

The husband then sympathized with his poor wife, and although he had loved her before, his heart went out to her tenderer now, and he resolved that he would give her no further cause of sorrow and pain.

At the end of two years God sent the gentle, tearless wife a beautiful boy.

If she could only have shed, in the gladness of motherhood, a few tears of joy!

But she could only, with joy-lighted eyes, place her dear boy in the arms of her husband, who joyfully danced up and down the room with him, while his eyes shone with the brightest of a proud father's tears.

But one day the beautiful baby boy was taken sick, and grew so weak that the parents, in wild alarm, called in a physician.

Every time the father looked upon his dear little one, his eyes would fill with tears.

But the poor mother sat, day and night, by the bed of her little baby, listening, with painful acuteness, to the out-going of each faint little breath.

As she sat alone with the little sufferer, one dark, sad night, a sudden stillness fell upon her listening ear—not the faintest, weakest little breath to hush the aching in her heart!

She bent her head down in anguish over the little one; the eyes were glazed—the baby was dead.

Her heart gave vent to a bitter wailing, and she uttered a cry that brought her husband hurriedly to her.

She fell weeping upon his neck, and led him to the still, small form.

Then her hot tears fell on the beautiful, white baby face.

The charm was broken, for she was now expressing the deepest sorrow that can fall upon the heart of man—the heaviest grief that can pierce the soul of a mother.

She wept, and wept. All the gathered tears of her life were now rushing out, and falling down upon the waxen, death-cold face of her little one.

Suddenly the baby moved—opened its eyes, and stretched its little arms out toward its mother.

When the charm had been applied to Marie's eyes, it had bestowed upon the withheld tears the power to restore to life the one for love of whom the flood gates should be opened.

And so now, as each drop, hot with the mother's love, fell upon the little face, the charm, after all the tearless years it had brought, compensated her by restoring to life her beloved little baby boy.

Uncle Charles' Story.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

Reader! imagine a winter evening, and a happy group collected in a neat little parlor, before a good old-fashioned wood fire. This group consists of an old man, who occupies the only arm-chair in the apartment; a youth of nineteen with sparkling black eyes, and a pleasing smile; a young girl, with a book in her hand, which *she* is not reading; and two children, who are discussing the merits of some rosy-cheeked apples. The old man is my uncle Charles; the young one, my good-for-nothing brother Ned; the idle girl, my humble self; and the youngsters, my hopeful niece and nephew.

"Dear uncle Charles," at last said I, after a long-continued silence, of which I had grown weary, "you once promised to tell Ned and me why you never married. What better time, think you, could you select for the fulfillment of your promise than this?"

"*Do*, uncle," now chimed in Ned, in his most coaxing manner; "we promise the best attention and the most grateful thanks."

A shade stole over the old man's brow. "The narrative of my history," he said, in faltering terms, "will lay bare many a bleeding wound, and awaken the memory of bright dreams for ever vanished; but I will tell it to you, to teach you a lesson of love and constancy."

"Thank, you, uncle," was muttered, rather than spoken, by more than one in that pleasant little parlor.

We drew our chairs nearer to our kind old uncle, and each taking one of his hands between our own, prepared to listen for the long wished-for story.

"I am now," he began, "sixty years of age; forty years ago I first met Helen Burton. I had formed an intimacy with a young man, a fellow student in the same college as myself, and after we had completed our course of study, he invited me to spend the summer months at his father's country residence. He was an only child, but I had often heard him speak in the highest terms of an adopted sister. He told me that some two years before, while visiting in a neighboring city, his parents had been attracted by the extreme beauty of a little girl, who lived in an old house directly opposite to the one where they were remaining. On making some inquiries about her, they discovered she was fatherless, motherless, and friendless. The warm-hearted Irish woman who had taken her in, albeit she had seven little ones of her own, said 'she could not bear to see the pretty thing go to the workhouse, for she was sure she came of good family, although her father did die of drink.' My friend's mother offered to adopt the child. Her offer was thankfully accepted, and in after years Helen well remembered her benefactors for their kindness, by her sweetness of temper and affectionate caresses. I had become remarkably interested in the girl from Augustus' account of her, and on my arrival at his residence, was extremely anxious to see her. In answer to our inquiries for her, the servants told us she had gone out, as she was used to every fine afternoon, and in all probability would not return until twilight.

"Impossible to wait as long as that," said Augustus laughing. "Come Charles, what say you to a search for this truant maid?"—"I'm with you," I replied; and away we went.

"For an hour our search proved unavailing. 'I have it,' at length exclaimed Augustus; 'she must be in the grotto I made for her last year. Knowing that it is secure from strangers, ten chances to one but she is wooing the Dream-Angel there.' We struck off into a lonely little path, at the end of which an immense quantity of wild vines clambered up a huge rock. Pushing aside the luxuriant foliage, an opening was discovered. We entered, though we had to stoop considerably to do so, and I found myself in a cool, fairy-like retreat. Passing suddenly out of the bright sunshine, I at first could not distinguish anything in this mysterious abode; but as my eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, I saw a slight form reclining on a couch in one corner. Her white arms were carelessly thrown above her small head, and a golden cloud of glossy hair completely shaded her face. Augustus knelt beside this sleeping beauty, and gently parting the heavy curls, pressed a kiss upon her brow. With a cry of terror, the girl awoke, and started from her resting place. Her eyes, which were of a deep blue, gleamed brightly, yet somewhat strangely; her crimson lips were somewhat parted, and she mocked the brightest creations of the sculptor and painter, as she stood balanced upon one small foot in an attitude of fear. In a moment she recognized her brother, and with a sweet smile sprang to his arms. I was then introduced to her, and leaving the grotto, we turned our steps homeward. I loved Helen from that very hour. It seemed as though my soul had been divided, and had just found, after years of weary search, its other part. I loved her, and she returned my affection; and never was I so happy as when, with her head upon my bosom, and a sweet confiding expression in her young face, she listened to my murmured vows. Yet often I noticed a strange light, like that which I observed the first day that we met, gleam in her large eyes; but soon it would disappear, and all would become calm again.

"Months passed like hours. We were so blessed in our mutual love that we thought not of the flight of time. Helen had promised to be my wife. Her parents had smiled upon our betrothal, and the day that was fixed upon for our wedding was fast approaching; when one happy evening, as we sat together talking of futurity, the unearthly glare I feared, though I knew not why, came into my Helen's eyes; and with a shrill, loud laugh she sprang to her feet, and clasping her small hands tightly together, exclaimed, 'Flowers bloom but to fade. The sunbeams come in the morning but to leave us at night. We are born but to die. Why, then, place hope in earthly dreams? Why talk of love and happiness?' The insanity which must have been inherent in her family, and which for so many years had remained latent, burst forth in full force. That night saw my gentle blue-eyed Helen a raving maniac."

Uncle Charles paused, and withdrawing his hand from my grasp, wiped away the tears that coursed down his cheek.

"She lived not a month after that fearful night; and it was not until I stood beside her death-bed that reason struggled to resume her sway. She recognized me. 'You will be true to me,' she said in a weak voice; 'I go to wait for you above.' I raised my hand to heaven and swore that no other should rest upon my bosom. As I made the vow, she died. I have kept my vow—no other has ever heard my words of love. Night and day an image has lain on my heart—a talisman that kept me pure and good."

He drew it from his bosom. It was the miniature of a young girl, beautiful as an angel. Around it was twined a lock of glossy hair. We gazed on it one moment in silence, and then returned it to its owner. As he received it, he rose. I hastened to light a candle for him, and there were tears not only in mine, but in brother Ned's eyes, as he gave us his good-night blessing. We never teased Uncle Charles about his single life again, and much we regretted that we had ever done so, now that we knew how he, one of the best and kindest of men, came to be a bachelor.

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A COUNTRY quack was once called in by an alarmed mother to attend her boy, Johnny, who, it seemed, had only sprained his toe. The man of doses came, looked grave, hemmed and hawed, and then said solemnly, and in a mysterious whisper, "you haven't any good wine in the house, have you?" "No, doctor, but we have some very fine whisky!" "Hum, well, well—probably that will do!" "Shall I bring it?" asked the anxious mother. "Yes," he replied, "and a little sugar and an egg!" The stuff was soon forthcoming, and the quack mixed a compound of the three ingredients, tasted it, smacked his lips, turned his back to the afflicted one, and then cooly drank it off, wiped his mouth, and said, "He's not at all dangerous, madam; all he wants is rest."

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE PANSY.—The pansy is called stepmother by the Germans. There are five flags and five seats or chairs. The biggest flag, the mother, occupies two seats; the next two, her own daughters, each one seat; and the last two flags, her stepdaughters, nearly always clad in dark mourning colors, they have to sit both together upon one chair only.

WOOD ASHES.—Wood ashes is said to be a sure preventive of rot in grapes. Simply scrape away the top soil about the roots of the vines, and spread upon them from a bushel to a bushel and a half of coal ashes with which considerable wood has been burned. The foliage will receive more or less dusting during the operation, and the grapes will be entirely free from rot or mildew.

USE OF SOOT.—Soot is not only a good thing to drive away insects, but is also a very powerful stimulant. The ammonia it contains readily mixes with whatever moisture comes in contact with it, and makes plants feel good, so to speak. The carbon and sulphurous gases in it also add to the health of the plant. Therefore don't waste soot; store it as you would gold, for it is as useful in the economy of life.

CARING FOR HORSES.—Cleanliness of the skin is as necessary for the health of the horse as for that of the man. The skin exfoliates or throws off in scales the used up portion, and this dusty matter should be brushed out of the coat. The irritation of brushing stimulates the skin and facilitates this healthful action, but the irritation should not be too severe. A moderately hard brush is preferable to a sharp curryromb.

PEAS FOR PIGS.—Few things would pay a grain growing farmer better than to raise peas for pigs. No matter how "buggy" the peas may be, the bugs or beetles remain in the peas until about the first of November, and when the peas are fed out before this time, the pigs will eat peas and bugs together, and there will be little loss. Nothing makes firmer or better pork or lard than peas, and the manure from pea-fed pigs is exceedingly rich.

THE STOCK.—Horses should have a feeding of roots daily. 'Nothing is so good as carrots for them, but if they are not at hand, wash a few potatoes clean, and pound them and add meal. As a alterative, and to aid digestion, roots are needed in the Spring. Cattle eat a greater variety than horses, and potatoes, turnips, beets, or carrots are not refused. Parsnips might be grown with profit for cattle, and wintered in the ground.

PARASITES.—No medicine is such a complete specific for parasites on animals and fowls as the dust, and finest dust that can be procured, coal ashes being excellent for the purpose. Nothing is more preservative of the health of animals than dust, and in Summer, when it can be procured by them without the aid of man, they always do best. It should be well sprinkled and freely scattered from the head to the tail, along the backbone, using an abundance of this most excellent and cheapest of all cattle medicines.

AMERICAN DAIRYING.—The agricultural report of 1869 showed that the amount of cheese made in the United States in 1869 was 162,663,927 pounds, and this was increased in 1877 to 240,000,000 pounds; while the exports have increased from 15,515,799 for the year ending June 30, 1859, to 51,697,203 pounds for the year ending June 30, 1877. From the same source we learn that the demand for American cheese in English markets is increasing, and one cheese seller in Chesterfield admits that for every ton of English cheese he sells, thirty tons of American make find a ready market.

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The Asiatic race loves monotony. The London Spectator says that there are artisan families in India and in Damascus who have worked at the same work day by day for one thousand years, peasant families who have not only tilled the same fields, but have gone into them and left them at the same hour, according to the season, from a period before the birth of Christ. They have no wish for change, no ambition to do better, no inclination to roam, no sense of failure, because they are as their forefathers were, and as their sons will be.

◆

A Manifest Absurdity.

It is manifestly absurd to claim for a mere stimulant, tonic and alterative properties. Yet this is what is daily done by the vendors of cheap local bitters, colored to make them look attractive, and agreeably flavored, but the alcoholic basis of which is of the vilest and most hurtful description. The transcendent success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the leading alterative tonic of the United States, has induced many of these compounders of drams in disguise, to attempt the counterfeiting of this standard medicine, but their efforts have never proved successful on a large scale, and they have themselves in many instances notoriously "come to grief," through the instrumentality of the law.

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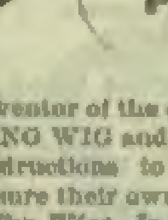

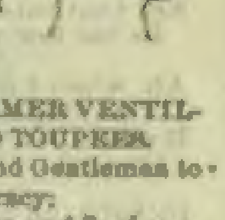

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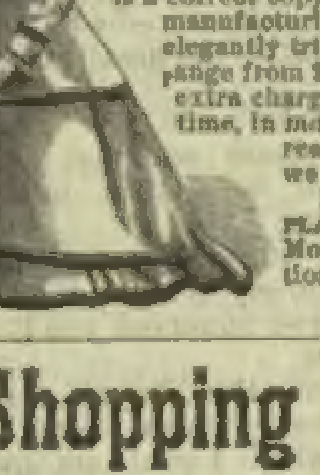

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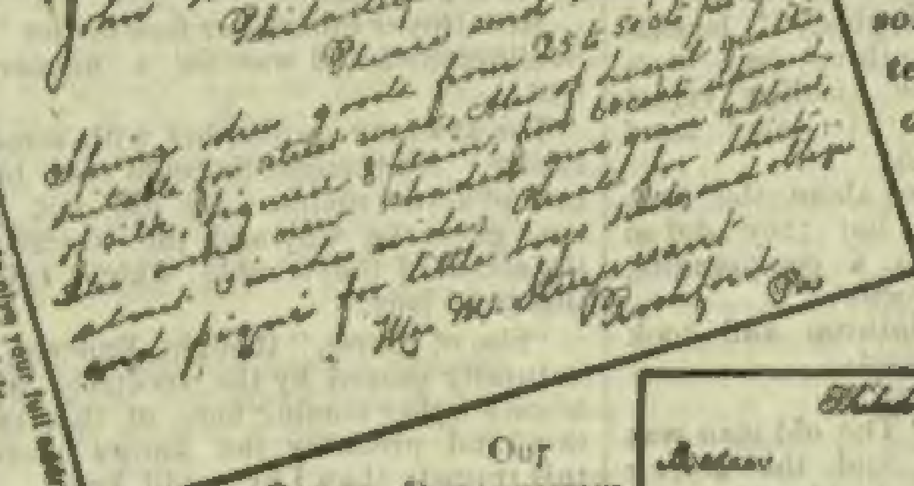

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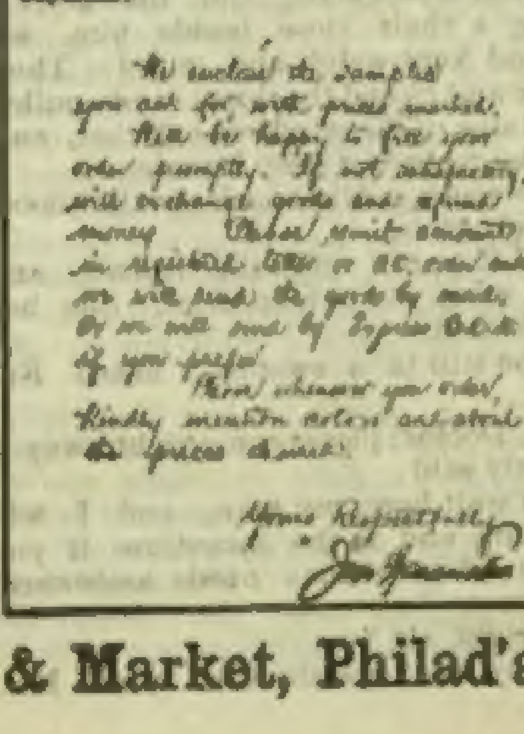

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